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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 190.—Vol. XV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, July 24, 1907 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

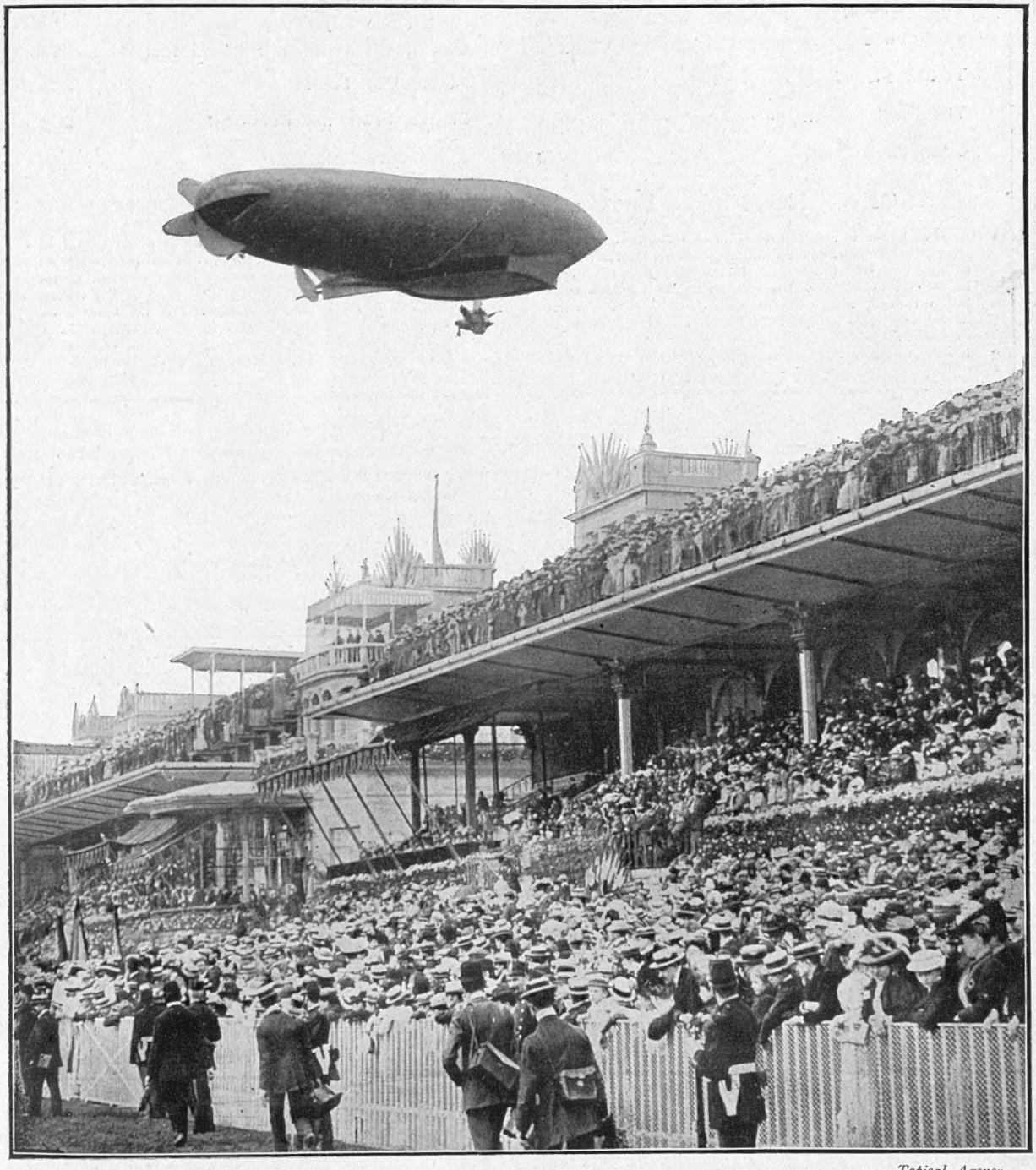

Photo *Topical Agency*

The Conquest of the Air: "La Patrie" at Longchamp

La Patrie, the French military airship, has drawn upon it the eyes of the whole world as a result of its brilliant manœuvring. Recently, it made eighteen miles an hour against the wind, while, at the great Longchamp Review, it manœuvred over the heads of the crowd in a truly astonishing fashion. The German Government is said to be seriously concerned at the threatened French dominion of the air, and its secret agents have offered £50,000 to Messrs. Lebaudy for an airship on *La Patrie* lines, an offer which was promptly refused

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE.

GAMES AND PASTIMES.

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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"A Book of the Cevennes." By S. Baring-Gould, M.A. (John Long: 6*s.*)
"Dr. Manton." By Morice Gerard. (John Long: 6*s.*)
"Kindred Spirits." By L. T. Meade. (John Long: 6*s.*)
"Voges Amoris." By John B. Rankin. (John Long: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"One Eventful Summer." By Ethel Grace Tapner. (John Long: 6*s.*)
The Royal Navy List. (Witherby: 10*s.*)
"A Fatal Dose." By Fred M. White. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)
"Whispers from the Fleet." By Captain Christopher Cradock. (Griffin.)
"The Great Skene Mystery." By Bernard Capes. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"The Little Guides." (North Wales.) (Methuen: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Once." By Curtis Yorke. (Jarrold: 6*d.*)
"From Inland" and Other Poems. By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Alston Rivers: 1*s.* net.)
"A Ballad of Victory" and Other Poems. By Dollie Radford. (Alston Rivers: 1*s.*)
"British Writers on Classic Lands." By the Hon. A. S. G. Canning. (Fisher Unwin: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Every Woman's Own Lawyer." By A London Solicitor. (Fisher Unwin: 3*s.* 4*d.*)
The All-Story Magazine (for August). (6*d.*)
"The Life and Death of Jason." By William Morris. (Longmans: 2*s.* net.)
"The Secret Syndicate." By Fred Whishaw. (John Long: 6*s.*)
"The Forest Lovers." By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillans: 6*d.*)
"Le Selve." By "Ouida." (John Long: 6*d.*)
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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday July 24, 1907

A lost summer is like a lost meal—it can never really be made good. The sun is shining now, but its ridiculous absence during months when we have been taught from childhood to expect it has caused a gloom that weeks of shining won't remove. Scientists may derive a certain satisfaction from saying that it was all due to one anti-cyclone fighting another. To us it seems a pity that the elements cannot hold a Peace Conference.

* * *

However, it is no good grousing, as the Scottish landlord observed to the English sportsman, after the latter had agreed to rent his moor. Summer has come now. If you live in the country, you know it by the gnats. If you live in town, you know it by the warm weather food experts swarming out and telling you that the best lunch is a cucumber sandwich, or a mutton chop hot. Food experts differ like other people.

* * *

The debate on Mr. Lea's letter, calling attention to the manner in which political honours are distributed, came to nothing, of course. These things always do. But it remains to be seen whether, in the opinion of the country, the Government has not some Lea-way to make up.

* * *

Sir Robert Ball has been admitting that Mars is more like our earth than anything in the planetary system that we know of. In other words, "it has an atmosphere and it has water." This is rather a mild resemblance. What we should like to know is whether Mars has a Tube atmosphere, and whether there is Mixed Bathing in its waters. Do the Martians use Sunlight Soap, and have they an Associated Press, Ltd.? If so, how many ounces go to a threepenny bar, and how many cakes could you buy up there for £50,000?

* * *

A fashion expert states that not even in the days of wigs did women wear so much artificial hair as at present. This hint should be useful during the summer sales. The well-advised woman who sees a rival about to snap up a bargain in hats that she herself is keen on will not waste her time tearing that rival's frock. She will insinuate a deft finger into the rival's crowning (but purchased) glory, and fling it on the floor. While the rival is groping after it in the crowd, the up-to-date woman will secure the coveted *chapeau*. Only let her look to her own tresses meanwhile. Finding is keeping.

* * *

The case of the smuggled Van Dyck is interesting enough to the public, but artists maintain it is only another example of the inertia of our National authorities. The latter are willing enough to return this Old Master's picture to the Italians, but if a living English master's picture were smuggled into Italy, not a hand would be stirred to get it back. The authorities would probably not even know that it had been painted—much less smuggled.

* * *

Our sporting correspondent writes to say that this is likely to be a record bad season for grouse, but the inclement weather has had little or no effect upon clay pigeons.

LITTLE MISTHER MURPHY: "Have ye anny ancisthors, Kelly?"
KELLY: "An' phwat's anciathors?"
L. M. M.: "Why, people you shprung from"
K.: "Sphrung from, begorra! The Kelly's shpring from nobody. They shpring at thim!"

(BY OSWALD CUNNINGHAM)

Modesty in self-advertisement is the leading feature of those papers at present concerned with Limericks. Not to be behind the times, we have with considerable effort compiled the following lines:—

For Art, Information, Wit, Candour,
No journal on earth could be grander
Than one we can name—
You can purchase the same
For sixpence. It's called the ———.

Anyone supplying the missing word and the sixpence to their newsagent will secure a copy of this incomparable weekly.

* * *

The *British Medical Journal's* case of a man who, through inadvertently smelling strong ammonia, lost his sense of smell, might well be taken to heart by motor omnibus officials. Complaints have been rife from time to time of the minor smells emitted by these machines, but they have only to add strong ammonia to the perfume, and passengers would have no cause to complain.

RACING NOTIONS

SANDOWN AND LIVERPOOL. By "CARBINE"

Lally's Triumph

"The favourite's beaten!" The familiar cry went up when Sancy was seen to be unable to shake off Lally in the magnificent finish for the Eclipse Stakes on Friday. A hundred yards from the end it had seemed good odds upon Mr. Bass's colt coming in a decisive winner. But Lally rattled along with a wonderful burst of speed, and Madden, after once seeming confident of success, had to settle down to ride the favourite for all he was worth. He is a powerful finisher, but his efforts could not bring Sancy away from that long-striding inexorable chestnut, who gradually drew level. The excitement was terrific as the vast crowd gazed with fascinated eyes on the tremendous struggle. Few could tell which horse had won as they flashed past the post almost neck-and-neck, but the hoisting of Lally's number in the frame soon announced that one of the hottest favourites on record for the Eclipse Stakes had been beaten. The result was popular, for Lally is a horse well liked by the public, and he was freely backed by hundreds who, unwilling to lay the odds on Sancy, looked accordingly for something to beat him, and "found" the winner.

Sir R. W. B. Jardine
A newly elected member of the Jockey Club

Jockeys in the Eclipse Stakes

It is generally agreed that Dillon rode a superbly timed race and a beautiful finish on the winner. Madden, on the other hand, has come in for unfavourable criticism; but folk who blame jockeys are so apt to forget that no rider can come without his horse. Perhaps, if the race were to be fought out over again, the result would be different. It would be ungenerous, however, to withhold the fullest praise and credit from all those concerned in Lally's success, and Mr. Purefoy is especially to be congratulated upon a great triumph. He was badly disappointed with the colt in the Derby last year, but lucrative successes in the Royal Hunt Cup and the Eclipse Stakes will no doubt have compensated him largely for Lally's failure at Epsom.

White Eagle's Great Race

In a minor degree the excitement of Friday was repeated on the following day. White Eagle had a lot of weight to carry in the National Breeders' Produce Stakes, the most valuable two-year-old race of the season; but his performances had been so good that he started at the same price as Sancy had done—5 to 2 on. Again the public looked for "something to beat the favourite," and "Boss" Croker's Rhodora was voted the most dangerous. In the paddock before the race I had a good look over this half-sister to Orby, and admired her greatly. She is a charming filly, and I am convinced that she ought to have won the race. Fifty yards from the finish she collared White Eagle, and to the onlookers seemed to have beaten him. But Lynham managed to get an extra effort out of the favourite, and he won by a head. It was a fine exhibition of gameness on the part of the winner, but if the rider of Rhodora had not challenged so soon the filly must have beaten him. I feel sure that Rhodora is going to make a big name for herself, and it is quite possible that in the One Thousand and Oaks she will repeat Orby's classic success.

The Liverpool Cup

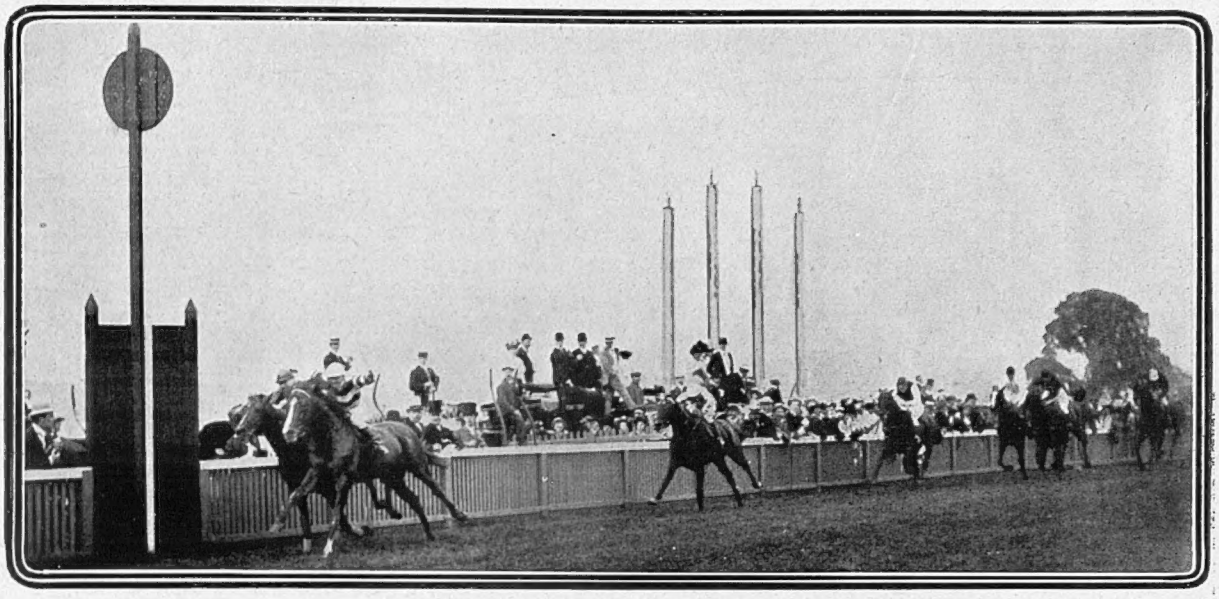
The chief event of the present week is the Liverpool Cup on Friday, and it is a great pity that the opening of the Newbury Meeting will clash with Liverpool on that day. The best-class horse in the race is, unquestionably, Dinneford, and we saw that he is now in his best form by his recent success at Newmarket. Lady Hasty, who ran so well in the Oaks, is a danger, but I think **Dinneford** is a good thing. On Wednesday, **Altitude** may win the St. George Stakes; on the following day **Stron Ard** should take the Knowsley Dinner Stakes in the probable absence of Slieve Gallion; while it does not seem necessary to look beyond **Orby** in the Atlantic Stakes on the concluding day of the meeting.

Newbury and Goodwood

Newbury has firmly established itself as one of the most enjoyable meetings in the South, and excellent racing there is promised this week-end. In the Newbury Summer Cup on Saturday **Noctuiform** may achieve his long-postponed success. **Forerunner II.** is my selection for the Ormonde Stakes, and on the preceding day the Berkshire Foal Stakes may be won by **Rhodora.** Glorious Goodwood will have begun before the next issue of THE BYSTANDER, and in my opinion **The Welkin** holds an excellent chance of taking the Stewards' Cup.

The "Eclipse"

THE RACE AND ITS SPECTATORS AT SANDOWN



The Finish: Lally passing the post

Mr. Purefoy's horse wins the £10,000 prize after an exciting race

Photo] **The Parade before the "Eclipse"** *[Illustrations Bureau*

The Sandown Meeting was favoured by glorious weather, and the racing went with a swing throughout; the chief event—the Eclipse—was won in great style by Lally

The Great Soap Suit

LEVER v "THE DAILY MAIL" AT LIVERPOOL

THE "DAILY MAIL" PAYS £50,000 TO MR. LEVER

Mr. F. E. Smith, M.P. (for the Plaintiff), the brilliant young Liverpool lawyer and M.P.

Sir E. Carson, K.C., leading Counsel for the Plaintiff

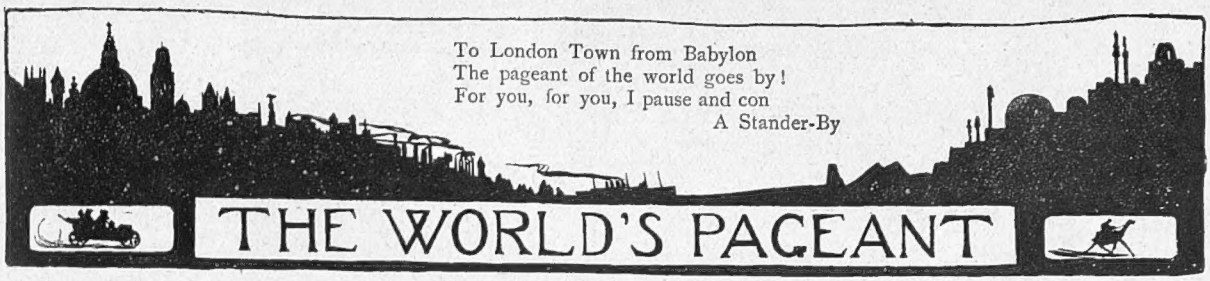
Mr. Justice Lawrence entering the Court

Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., and Mr H. E. Duke, K.C., Counsel for the Defendants

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

The Scene Inside the Court: Mr. Lever under the cross-examination of Mr. Rufus Isaacs

The process, however, proved so hopeless to Mr. Lever's examiners that the defence was withdrawn, and damages for libel were agreed upon by the *Daily Mail* at £50,000. These are the largest damages for libel on record, and Mr. Lever has been universally congratulated on his success



The Last or the First

The last weeks of the London season, in so far as the weather has contributed thereto, have been practically the first. Outdoor functions form so important a spoke of the season's social wheel that without them it scarcely gyrates. The Park, so deserted through May and June that the prophets had almost said its reign was over, has, during the last ten days (ever since the Eton and Harrow match), regained almost entirely its former place in fashion's favour. Hurlingham and Ranelagh — the gardens of both more beautiful than ever, dressed in a combined loveliness of Spring and summer— have only been themselves during the last fortnight, and one has been able to watch polo or play croquet oneself *sans* fur coat, umbrella, or goloshes.

* * *

Lord Leitrim's Cow-boy Heir

The first fine Saturday of the season was that on which the 1st Life Guards played for the Subalterns' Cup and the charming Polo Pony Gymkhana was held. Lord Leitrim was playing, as were Lord Turnour and Lord Helmsley, and a group of charming young peeresses much interested in their exploits included Lady Leitrim, Lady Ingestre, Viscountess Massereene, and Lady Dalrymple. Lady Leitrim was being subjected to some inquiries about the Hon. Francis Clements, her husband's brother and heir-presumptive. That young man has lately been discovered on an American liner working his way out West as a stoker, and is now in Texas seeking work as a cow-boy. He has declared himself tired of "artificial and unreal" London Society.

Photo *Mentor*

The Hon. F. P. Clements

The heir-presumptive of his brother, the Earl of Leitrim. He has forsaken London and worked his way to America as a stoker. He is now seeking work in Texas as a cow-boy

* * *

A Modern Don Quixote

Born in 1885, and by profession a sailor, the Hon. Francis Patrick Clements does not plead poverty as a reason for his entry into the ranks of the world's workers. Rather is it his experience of London drawing-rooms which has convinced him that if he did not remove himself as far as possible from their pernicious influence his life "would ferment into mere froth, like those of the nobility around him." He is determined to earn his own living, and, as a Clements, he has no lack of determination. He is a great-nephew of the famous third Earl of Leitrim, the man shot dead on the roadside in Donegal one night in 1878. The "suppression" was an act of revenge, for the old Earl was as hard with his tenants as he was quarrelsome with his relatives. All the property he could bequeath elsewhere than to his nephew (the father of the Hon. Francis) he did. Litigation thereover lasted for thirteen years in the Dublin Courts. When he died, however, the fourth Earl (father of the present Lord Leitrim) left over £130,000. So it did not all go to the lawyers.

* * *

A Week of Racing

Last week was full of what someone calls "Smart Set Racing." Newmarket took the King, the Prince of Wales, the gentlemen cracksmen (so very smart and indispensable a feature of this season's race-meetings!), and the whole of the inner circle racing set, to the famous course every day until Friday. On Friday and Saturday, the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown drew exactly the same crowd, with additions, to the Esher racecourse, which is, to my mind, the most delightful in the kingdom.

* * *

The Sameness of Newmarket

Of Newmarket there is never anything new or anything particularly interesting to chronicle. Certainly Lord Wolverton lost all his tie-pins, but otherwise the Second July Meeting was exactly the same as the First. The usual exclusive racing set attended. The same people entertained the same people. The same snubs were administered to the same newcomers. The same late nights followed the same long days. Racing by day and cards by night, and high play all the time. So runs life away at Newmarket, the capital of the racing world. Wealth is a *sine quâ non* in its patrons. It is necessary to be fairly prosperous to stand even the domestic racket of living in the famous town. Newmarket tradesmen and their like must live, and there are but ten meetings in the year, including steeplechases. Hay, therefore, in large quantities, has to be made while the sun shines, and all this haymaking spells terrific prices and absolutely no quarter to the visitors. But no one, least of all the haymaker, minds. It all helps to keep Newmarket select and unpopular.

Before Goodwood—Sandown

Major Lambton and the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Beckett

Mr. William Bass, Lady Noreen Bass, and Captain Vaughan

The Eclipse Stakes at Sandown

I never remember a more brilliant Eclipse Stakes Meeting. On a smaller, cosier scale the Club Lawns, on the beautiful Esher slopes, looked like the Royal Lawns on Gold Cup Day at Ascot. The weather was perfect—hot, brilliantly sunny, yet tempered with a summer breeze. The Royal party was exceptionally large. The Queen, full of interest in the proceedings and seemingly quite recovered from her recent indisposition, charmingly attired in black and white muslin and a big black and white hat, motored down (for the first time to any race-meeting) with Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Sparta. The Prince and Princess of Wales were in the Royal box to greet them, the former in a cool grey suit, and the Princess in green and white. At the Royal luncheon-party some of their Majesties' intimate friends were included, Mr. Arthur Sassoon, Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, and Mrs. Keppel, both wearing the newest shade of maize, and Lady Wolverton, in soft white embroidered muslin, among them.

* * *

The Prevailing Mode

White, of course, on such a climatically perfect day, prevailed. Lady de Bathe, thickly and whitely veiled, was clothed from head to foot in the deadest of dead white. Mrs. Hwfa Williams, entertaining a large party in her box in the members' stand, wore diaphanous white draperies, as did Lady Alington, Lady Castlereagh, Mary, Lady Gerard, Lady Noreen Bass, and others too numerous to mention. Mrs. George West, of course, was in the forefront of *la mode*, in the fashionable, if scarcely pretty, maize colour. Mrs. Rupert Beckett looked perfectly charming, a long veil floating round her shoulders and a quaint embroidered brown silk coatlet over her muslin frock. Lady Sefton was almost the only exponent of the tailor-made, and Lady Bloise was in a simple pink cotton gown and sailor hat.

Photos *Phillips*

A White "Eclipse": Well-known women—among them Lady Ninian Crichton-Stuart and Lady Dorothy Coventry—in costumes suited to the climate

More "Ashes" Lost!

THE KING'S PRIZE GOES TO AUSTRALIA

Lieut. Addison

Wearing the King's Medal and Badge, which were presented by Princess Christian

Lieut. Addison, the Australian winner of the King's Prize at Bisley, being chaired

The competition for the King's Prize, the most interesting event of the Bisley Meeting, was this year marked by an extraordinary occurrence, whereby Armourer-Sergt. Padgett, who was first acclaimed winner, was, after a protest, disqualified, as it was discovered that an extra shot had, under a misapprehension, been allowed him. The ultimate winner was Lieut. Addison, of the Australian Light Horse, who, after the result had been announced, was chaired amid the usual enthusiastic scenes

Our Ever-Moving Court

Simplicity in Paris

A Newmarket race-meeting is like a Paris meeting in one respect—the smart simplicity of the women. Parisian women are doing the Simple Life in the most *chic* manner possible. At the Grand Prix, at Chantilly, and at all the other meetings, the women, everyone of them, wore low heels and broad shoes. High heels are *vieux jeu* in Paris. Striped dresses of the "English tailor-made" variety, hats so enormous that their wearers' faces were entirely hidden, and flat heels. No other wear has been possible to the "congenitally *chic*" in the gay capital during the past season. And at Newmarket, last week, the "Simple Life" was, Britannically, suggested.

* * *

The King and Queen

To be ever on the move seems to be the motto of the Court just now. The King, since he returned from his Spring Continental trip, has spent scarcely three consecutive days in the Capital. Not until late in June did the Queen return to London. Last week-end was spent by their Majesties at Bowood, as the guests there, for the first time, of Lord and Lady Lansdowne. On Monday, the Court adjourns, and the season ends. The King will proceed to Goodwood for the races as the guest of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, the Queen and Princess Victoria will go to Sandringham, and at the end of the week their Majesties will proceed to Cowes. At the conclusion of the Regatta, the King, without a day's delay, will proceed to the Continent, probably to Cauterets, for his annual cure, and the Queen will return to Sandringham, and proceed thence to Denmark. The Princess of Wales leaves Town for Switzerland this week.

Photo *London Stereoscopic Co.*

The Last Court of 1907

Mrs. Archibald Hamilton, presented by her mother-in-law, Lady Hamilton, of Spring

* * *

"Puff, Puff, Puff"

Talking of week-end visiting, a nice little story reaches me. Sir W. S. Gilbert had friends staying with him from Saturday to Monday. On Monday morning, "How do your trains go?" asked a lady-guest. "Puff, puff, puff," said Gilbert.

* * *

£50,000! : The Soap Libel

London was a smiling city last Wednesday. From the Bank to Shepherd's Bush, from Finsbury Park to Brompton, from Hampstead to Charing Cross, on the Embankment and over the bridges—wherever there were citizens, there were smiles. The sun shone brightly, bells rang out innocently, but gladly. For the news-placards had, at lunch-time, startled and pleased the city with the magic legend—

£50,000

the sum which, *with* costs, the *Daily Mail* and associated newspapers had been ordered to pay for the luxury of speaking their mind freely on the subject of Mr. Lever and the Soap Combine. Had the case gone on, and the whole of the facts been divulged, there was a general opinion that the legend of the aforementioned placard would have announced twice that amount. However, the offending claws are clipped for the time being, though whether the result of the case will damage the sale of their papers is another thing. The *Daily Mail*, *Evening News*, and *Mirror* are, after all, very amusing journals, showing a high degree of imagination on the part of those who conduct them, and the world would be a drearier place without them.

* * *

Versatile Lord Crawford

The Earl of Crawford, a Lindsay and premier Earl of Scotland, to whom we referred last week, has alienated more than one of his ancestral residences to lavish untold sums on the completion of the beautiful yacht in which he spends so much of his time, and from the deck of which he has often rendered valuable services to science. Tall, and with ruddy locks like those of a viking, he is a nobleman of manifold and rare accomplishments, who has been chairman of an important public inquiry into the patent laws, and at the same time an elegant translator of classic writings. His incursions into commercial affairs have not been infrequent; and though he has refused many directorships, he is still one of the largest shareholders in J. H. Dallmeyer, Limited, makers of the highest-class photographic lenses. His collections of books and manuscripts have made the fortune of many exhibitions and libraries. Lord Balcarres, his eldest son, is well known in art and politics.

Royal Holiday-Makers from Greece

The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Greece

A summer visit of the Crown Prince and Princess of Greece to England has become almost a yearly event. The Crown Princess, the third sister of the German Kaiser, thinks no air so beneficial to her children as that at Seaford, where they are at present running wild; and the Crown Prince is very fond of his aunt, Queen Alexandra, with whom, in the seclusion of Sandringham, he spent last Goodwood week. Prince Konstantinos, Duke of Sparta, is by no means a wealthy man. His father, King George, brother of our Queen, has to provide for five sons out of an income which is scarcely princely, in spite of his recent successful speculations. It seemed to him, therefore, a piece of good fortune when his second son, Prince George, was installed in Crete as High Commissioner for the protecting Powers, and a piece of bad luck when it was decided that the Prince was not quite suited for the post. All of his sons are fine men, and Prince George—thirty-seven and still a bachelor—is perhaps the finest figure of them all. The Crown Prince took a command in the Græco-Turkish War of 1897, but his conduct of the engagements was not brilliantly successful, and for some time after the Royal family of Greece was undeservedly unpopular. He is a quiet and agreeable Prince, and much resembles his aunt, Queen Alexandra.

Photo Bohringer

Photo Boisonnas and Taponier

The Crown Prince and Princess of Greece

Visiting England this summer for a holiday. The Prince's official title is Duke of Sparta, and he will be forty next year. His wife is the sister of the Emperor William, Princess Sophie of Prussia

* * *

The Crown Princess Sophie

The Crown Princess is extraordinarily English. She loves everything British, talks the language constantly, and is, like her mother and brother, very gifted. She is not the least bit commonplace or conventional, and it was to her that the Emperor Frederick said, "*Lerne zu leiden ohne zu klagen.*" The Empress Frederick, of course, gave her children an English nurse, a Mrs. Hobbs. "Always remember," she used to tell her children, "always remember how much you owe to Hobbsey." The Crown Princess is very proud of Cronberg, the artistic home got together by her mother and occupied by her sister, the Princess of Hesse. Everything in the Castle was bought because of its beauty of form or colour, or what-not. Even the spoons and cooking utensils are artistically fashioned, and the Crown Princess Sophie is never so happy as when showing her friends over the place.

* * *

Some of the Season's Engagements

Between the July meetings at Newmarket and the ringing-down of the social curtain at Goodwood and Cowes, the season's engagements are announced. One of the most interesting is that between Miss Esmé Wallace and Viscount Tiverton, heir not only to the Earldom of Halsbury, but also to the office of High Constable of Launceston Castle, a condition of which is that he keeps it "in a state of ruinous repair." Lord Tiverton is a very serious young man. One meets him but seldom in the haunts of the frivolous. At Oxford, however, where he was in the Eight when, in 1901, New College rowed head of the river, he was an enthusiastic member of the O.U.D.S., and as "Oliver Bath" made his *début* as a playwright in *Naughty Nancy*, a musical comedy in which Miss Kitty Loftus appeared at the Savoy some years ago. His *fiancée*, Miss Wallace, is generally conceded to have been the original of her aunt, Elinor Glyn's "Visits of Elizabeth." Her mother, Lady Duff-Gordon, is the "Lucile" of emotional gown fame, and her step-father, Sir Cosmo Duff-Gordon, is one of the finest fencers of the day.

* * *

A Scottish Wedding

The marriage announced between Lady Isobel Kerr and Mr. James Cospatrick Scott will unite two ancient Scottish houses. Lady Isobel is the youngest of the Marquis of Lothian's six sisters. Her mother, left a widow in 1900, married, as her second husband, three years later, Mr. Bertram Talbot, a man very much younger than herself, and they reside at Monteviot, a small place in Roxburghshire. The bridegroom is the elder son of the Hon. Henry Scott, second son of the late Lord Polwarth, head of the great Border house of Scott.

* * *

Pageants for the Home

It is interesting to note a new phase of the Pageant epidemic. Apparently, people are not going to rest content with mere public reproductions of historical scenes before audiences paying so much for their seats. The Pageant is to be brought into the home! It is to be used as a decorative adjunct to one's "little place" in the country.

Matches of the Season

Miss Esmé Wallace

Daughter of Lady Duff-Gordon, by her earlier marriage. Rumour casts her as the "original" of the heroine of her aunt, Elinor Glyn's "Visits of Elizabeth." She is engaged to Lord Tiverton

Have you a fine, venerable façade to your country seat; is there some little corner which positively shouts historical suggestion at you? Well, then, what better than a suitable historical tableau to pose in its vicinity? To secure such were the easiest of things. Somewhere not a hundred miles from your seat some Pageant or other is *bound* to be in progress. If it be not Bury or Winchester, Romsey or St. Albans, or any such ancient centre, why will not Little Peddlington be having its own little historical fling? All you have to do is just to see the Pageant, select from it the Tableau or Tableaux which you most fancy, and then arrange with the stage-manager to hire it for next Saturday (or Sunday, scruples permitting). On another page will be seen the idea in practice—wherein Mr. Wood, of Hengrave Hall, near Bury, has had produced, at certain chosen positions in the precincts of his home, two of the most striking Tableaux from *Henry VI.*, borrowed from the Bury Pageant near by.

The Earl of March

The Earl of March and his father, the Duke of Richmond, are in the throes of much civil litigation. There are two actions pending against them. One is a claim for death duties on the Scottish estate left by the late Duke, and the other is in regard to death duties on the Goodwood estates, which are entailed, but which the Crown claims the Duke has a right to disentail. The first action, which has been delayed in decision owing to the Earl of March's refusal to produce a subpœnaed letter, claims death duties on Scottish estate valued at £743,000, but the Duke contends that the estate is encumbered with charges to more than that amount as a result of the property being disentailed. The last Duke of Richmond and Gordon lived at Gordon Castle in princely style. When he died, he left equally princely encumbrances with the settled estates in Banffshire, Morayshire, Inverness-shire, and Aberdeenshire.

Photo *Thomson*

Lord Tiverton

Heir to Lord Halsbury, the late Lord Chancellor. He is engaged to Miss Esmé Wallace. His chief claim, so far, to distinction is his authorship, under the pseudonym of "Oliver Bath," of the musical comedy *Naughty Nancy* at the Savoy some years ago

Photo *Kate Pragnell*

Lady Isobel Kerr

To be married to Mr. James Cospatrick Scott. She is the sister of the Marquis of Lothian, and her *fiancé* is a grandson of the late Lord Polwarth

Photo *Ronvelle*

Miss Victoria Eugenie Wood

Daughter of Sir Evelyn Wood, married to Mr. John Balfour on Thursday last

A Practical Use for Pageants

HISTORICAL TABLEAUX TO DECORATE ANCESTRAL HOMES!

Scene from Act 3 of "Henry VI." (from the Bury Pageant) produced in front of Hengrave Hall, Bury St. Edmunds
Humphry, Duke of Gloucester, denies the charges of treason before King Henry and Queen Margaret

Photos *Jarman*

In the Courtyard of Hengrave Hall: Gloucester's dead body is laid before Henry, Warwick denouncing his murderers

Probably the first practical use of the Pageant craze is shown in the above photographs, in which Tableaux, stationed at divers points outside an historic mansion, have been utilised as a decorative adjunct to architecture. The enthusiast who has exploited the idea is Mr. Y. Wood of Hengrave Hall, Bury St. Edmunds. The Pageant at that ancient centre being handy, Mr. Wood engaged the participants in two of the Tableaux to present a "living picture" in front of, and in one of the most picturesque corners of, his beautiful home

The Romance of the Richmond Dukedom

The Story of Goodwood

The second action brings to light once again the interesting origins of some of our greatest families, and the very slight foundations on which they were built. In 1600, the Mayor and burgesses of Newcastle-on-Tyne granted to Queen Elizabeth a charge of twelve pennies per chaldron on all coal exported from the Tyne. Nearly a hundred years later, King Louis XIV. of France sent to England, as spy and tempter, the notorious Louise de Querouailles, a woman who (in England) claimed noble birth, but whose claims thereto were but vaguely established. At Whitehall, Dryden, the Court poet, and St. Evrémond welcomed her in verse. Charles II. appointed her maid-of-honour to the long-suffering Queen Catherine, and round her the great game of Anglo-French politics started steadily to revolve. Lady Arlington, whose house-parties at Euston were the pet scandal of the day, invited the King and the de Querouailles to an October party. In the following summer a son was born to Charles II. and the lady who afterwards became known as the Duchess of Portsmouth. He was called Duke of Richmond.

* * *

The Coal Duty

When the little Duke was five years old, Charles granted him the Newcastle coal duty in order that he might maintain the dignity of his dukedom. In 1756 a private Act of Parliament settled the duty upon the then Duke, his children, and brothers, but provided that the duty should ultimately revert to the Crown. In 1798 the Corporation of Newcastle was anxious to get rid of this heavy charge, and it was purchased from the Duke by the Crown. Trustees were appointed to pay an annuity to the Duke, the amount of the annuity was fixed at £19,000, and the first trustee was William Pitt. Out of the money thus provided the Goodwood estates were bought a hundred years ago. The Duke and his son, Lord March, now think with the Crown that they are entitled to disentail the estates. The trustees, however, contend that they revert to the Crown, and cannot, therefore, be disentailed.

Photo *Russell*

Lord March

Son of the Duke of Richmond, whose future estates are at present involved in litigation in regard to death duties. He was born in 1870, and is married to a daughter of the late Mr. Henry A. Brassey. He is a Captain in the Irish Guards, and as A.D.C. to Lord Roberts was awarded the Distinguished Service Order

* * *

The Bishopric of Newcastle

It is a coincidence that Dr. Norman Straton, the new Bishop of Newcastle, should have been associated with two bishoprics, both of which there has been talk of transferring. The See of Sodor and Man, which his lordship vacates on his translation to Newcastle, was founded by Germanicus in 447, and is, therefore, older than Canterbury. In 1835 Sir Robert Peel, for financial reasons, endeavoured to do away with the bishopric by uniting the island with the diocese of Carlisle, but the loyal Manxmen so strongly opposed the measure that it fell through. Some little time ago, also on financial grounds, the

Photo *Bacon*

The New Bishop of Newcastle: View of the beautiful Benwell Tower in the Bishop's Palace near Newcastle-on-Tyne

The Tower, two miles north-west of Newcastle, was presented to the See by John William Pease, Esq., banker, of Newcastle—a relative by marriage of the new Bishop, Dr. Straton—as a residence of the Bishop, and the mansion, valued at £12,000, has been furnished by subscription by the ladies of Newcastle

From the Banks of the Ohio

THE "BUCKEYE DAISIES" ON THEIR BUSY ROUNDS

A Study in Smiles

The "Daisies" entrain for London, after leaving Stratford-on-Avon, and grant gay smiles to our photographer. Stratford had filled them with enthusiasm

"Miss Corelli In?"

A selected "Daisy" calls at Mason Croft with Colonel Wilson to see Miss Corelli, but—alas!—to find the famous author "not at home!"

A Chain of "Daisies": The fair ones from Ohio pose before the Traitor's Gate at the Tower

Every summer, London welcomes some select party of American beauties. This season, it has been the "Buckeye Daisies"—the twenty-one most popular girls of Ohio, on a seven weeks' European tour—and London has received them with due interest and courtesy. They enjoyed particularly their visits to the Tower, at which three of these photographs were taken. On the whole, London has voted the Ohio visitors quite a shade above the American average in looks and in charm of manner alike—which is saying heaps

Photos] **"My! He's Real!"**

The "Daisies" are greatly thrilled by the busby of a sentry at the Tower, much to Tommy's embarrassment

A Chat with a Yeoman [*Illustrations Bureau*

As to the enjoyment which it gave one of the conversationalists, the language of her eyes speaks sufficiently clearly

To Make Londoners Envious

site on which the Cathedral is built being exceedingly valuable, there was talk of transferring the See of Newcastle to Hexham. This also fell through, and now Dr. Straton, a militant Evangelical, has been appointed to a See about which the story runs that, when one sends a letter addressed to "The Bishop of Newcastle," it is delivered to the Catholic Bishop, the Roman bishopric being many hundreds of years more ancient than the Anglican!

* * *

The New Bishop

In his transference from Sodor and Man to Newcastle, Bishop Straton benefits monetarily by some £2,000 per annum. On the distaff side, he is descended from the fourth Duke of Rutland, and he is married to one of the Yorkshire Peases. He is a fine preacher and a man of considerable personal magnetism, and many of his Low Church followers expected to see him at Canterbury when, in 1902, the late Archbishop died. To his efforts, the open-air services which are a feature of Isle of Man holiday-making are due. During the summer months, his lordship has held services on Douglas Head for many years, the congregation sometimes numbering twelve thousand souls. He began life as Curate of Market Drayton. He became Vicar of Wakefield, then Archdeacon of Huddersfield, and, in 1892, was presented, on the recommendation of the late Lord Salisbury, with the Bishopric of Sodor and Man.

"Furious Driving"

There is no difficulty, in these days of motors, about getting one's name into the papers at least once a week. Lord Caledon, who invariably gives his address as co. Tyrone, appears in the police-courts (and in the papers) on an average about twice a week. His offence is always furious driving, his defence innocence, and, as his lordship is only just of age, the plea, though well-worn, continues to do yeoman service. The police-courts, indeed, are becoming fashion's favourite resort. A week or so ago her Grace of Westminster gracefully bade her friends assembled at Eaton adieu for a day or so. She was due at Barmouth to answer to a summons for driving her car at an excessive speed. General Sir John French I met in Richmond Park the other day going like the—er—wind. Fined £2 and costs. In America, Mr. Rockefeller, having closed his park to motorists owing to the excessive speed at which they drive, was fined for exceeding the speed-limit on his own car; and, at home, Sir Henry Norman, M.P., according to his own confession, "an opponent, and one of the severest critics, of inconsiderate driving," was summoned at Guildford last week for driving a motor-car at a dangerous speed. The magistrates imposed a fine of £3. Sir Henry, however, was one of those who, before the Royal Commission, advocated an increased penalty for furious driving. He has, therefore, given notice of appeal.

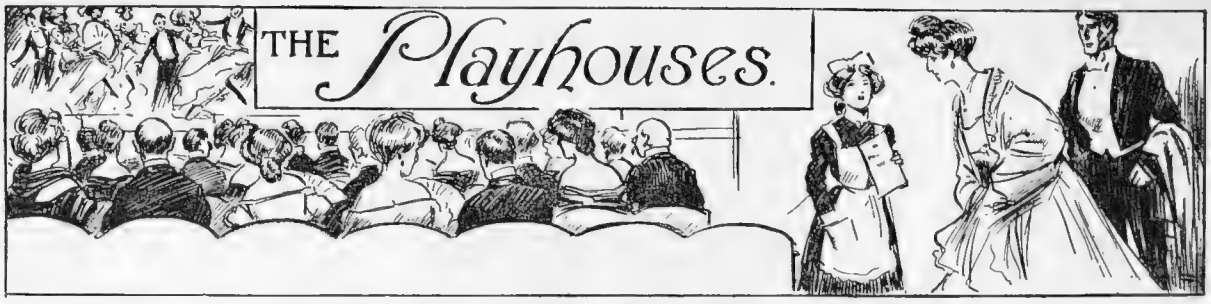
Photo] **Hot Baths by the Wayside: A custom Londoners may well envy** [*E.N.A*

At Acequia, Peru, many hundreds of persons, men, women, and children, may daily be seen bathing publicly by the side of the high road, in a trench containing hot water supplied by natural springs

"Forty—Love"

A STUDY IN ADMIRATION

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

AUTHORS AS AUTOCRATS

For many years the name of Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero has sprung to the lips whenever English dramatists come up for consideration. Such a position as Mr. Pinero has held carries with it the exercise of certain sovereign rights. Of these prerogatives, the one by virtue of which he chooses his own cast is not the least envied by his fellow-craftsmen. Perhaps "choosing his own cast" is too strong a phrase. Let us say, Mr. Pinero is privileged to have a say, and a very strong say, in the matter. Time and again old theatre-goers conning the programme on a Pinero first night have come across unknown names. Afterwards, no secret is made of the fact that the newcomers have owed this most enviable appearance to the influence of the dramatist. I could give several instances of young players who might never have climbed the first rung in the ladder of success had not Mr. Pinero been so obliging as to place the ladder in position for them. It is difficult to conceive a dramatist who, after creating his characters, is not seized with very strong predilections in the matter of who shall be his interpreters with the public. Hence Mr. Pinero's power of choice is one which other dramatists have striven to possess.

Miss Clara Alexander

Who is giving some clever negro impersonations at the Empire Theatre

The Rise of the Author

Signs are not wanting that authors have gradually been extending their influence in this direction. They have had a good lead. Besides Mr. Pinero, there have been other authors, notably Sir W. S. Gilbert, who have enjoyed almost autocratic powers. This lead has been followed. The modern dramatic author is a greater power behind the scenes than many people imagine. My attention was first drawn to this change in, or rather widening of, the author's sphere by a very well-known London actor, whom we will call Jones. He is a young man, and the least observant playgoer could hardly fail to notice in what great demand his services are. He is always appearing in new rôles. He is loaned here and loaned there. It seems as though the production of a modern comedy would not be complete without him. This young man was being rallied in rather rueful fashion, but quite good-humouredly, by a brother actor (we will call him Robinson), who is still laying the foundations of his reputation. "Wish I was a manager's favourite like you," quoth Robinson. "Manager's, my boy," answered the celebrity, "it's not the managers who conspire to give me too much work so much as the bally authors."

Authors as Actor-Makers

Then Jones proceeded to enlarge upon the question. From his account—I give it as one worth serious attention — successful authors are such rare birds that they can impose pretty well what terms they please upon the managers. The latter are too wise to quarrel with the geese who lay the golden eggs. So it has come to pass that, putting it colloquially, what the author says goes. If the author is very set upon having a particular actor for a particular rôle, it becomes the business of the manager to secure that actor. And if the author feels like laying down the law during rehearsals, it is no one's business to check him. This state of affairs bears directly, too, upon the always interesting question of salaries. The greater demand for a player, the higher salary he can command. This almost exaggerated demand for certain players has forced their salaries above the normal point. To keep the salary list within bounds, managers are compelled to exercise economy upon those who are not strong enough to enter a protest. Hence the parlous condition of those actors who, sound as they

may be, yet are not the greatest favourites in their own particular line. Often the manager would be willing to engage them but for the author, who steps in with the command, "Jones for that part and no one else." Hence it comes to pass that Jones, beloved of authors, complains of overwork, while his excellent young friend, Robinson, meanders up and down the Strand looking for an opportunity to save a dramatist from being run over by a motor-'bus.

THE THEATRICAL YEAR 1906-7

During the theatrical year which has just terminated, forty-four plays were staged. Yet the number of new plays which achieved financial success is very small. In these days of long runs, any play which fails to attain the century mark may be labelled "doubtful." Of the assured successes, the most important are *The Morals of Marcus*, 197 performances (Garrick); *The Bondman*, 145 (Drury Lane); *Peter's Mother*, 182 (Wyndham's); *Toddles*, 335 (Duke of York's); *Robin Hood*, 162 (Lyric); *The Stronger Sex*, 150 (Apollo); *John Glayde's Honour*, 138 (St. James's). The first three are adaptations from books; the fourth is a farce. This whittles down the dramatic output of the year to three "new and original plays," as the programmes say. Not a very awe-inspiring list. Thirteen musical plays were staged. The proportion of successes is much higher. *Amasis* at the New Theatre ran 200 nights; *The New Aladdin*, 203 (Gaiety); *Les Merveilleuses*, 196 (Daly's); *Tom Jones*, 110 (Apollo). In addition, *Miss Hook of Holland* (Prince of Wales's), *The Girls of Gottenberg* (Gaiety), *The Merry Widow* (Daly's), are such pronounced successes that when their runs will terminate no man can foretell. Of the eighteen revivals, the following enjoyed quite a good innings: *Peter Pan*, 102 (second revival, Duke of York's); *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, 224 (second revival, New); *A Woman of No Importance* (His Majesty's). The past year may have been financially successful. It is not one upon which the future historian of the drama will dwell at length. E. C. S.

EMPIRE THEATRE

Miss Clara Alexander is giving some exceedingly clever little negro sketches at this theatre. Usually she does not use a disguise of any sort, but simply appears in an ordinary white dress; but the other evening I was fortunate enough to see her made-up as an old negro, and truly her disguise was wonderful. Miss Alexander's performance is refreshingly out of the ordinary, and the management show wisdom in extending her engagement. Mr. Hymack appears in a marvellous quick-change act, The Kremkas are exceedingly droll, and the ballet, *Sir Roger de Coverley*, is as fresh and popular as ever. Altogether, the Empire, as usual, boasts a fine programme.

KING'S THEATRE

Like the Coronet, the King's, Hammersmith, is another suburban theatre which believes in offering its patrons something original during the summer months. Last week a new comedy, by Ian Perdicaris, entitled *The Song of the Torch*, was produced, for which the management secured a strong cast. R. M.

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Evelyn Hope

Who will make her appearance in *Attila the Hun*, Mr. Oscar Asche's new production at His Majesty's Theatre

Mr. George Graves in "The Merry Widow"

MR. GEORGE GRAVES as GEN. POPOFF in *The Merry Widow* at Daly's Theatre

POPOFF: "I've done a good deal of gardening, but nothing ever came up like this"

Photos

POPOFF: "There's some fluff in the key-hole'

Foulsham and Banfield

POPOFF: "Are you comfortable, dear?"

A Comedy Love Scene in "The Merry Widow"

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

SONIA (*Miss Lily Elsie*): "Oh, you are——"
PRINCE (*Mr. Joseph Coyne*): "What am I?"

The Prince and the fair widow are very much in love with each other. But there is a barrier between them. The Prince cannot forgive his old sweetheart for having jilted him in the old days in favour of a rich admirer. When Sonia returns a widow, the Prince nurses his old resentment. At times, however, the two are upon the verge of "kissing and making friends again." One of these moments of *rapprochement* is illustrated above

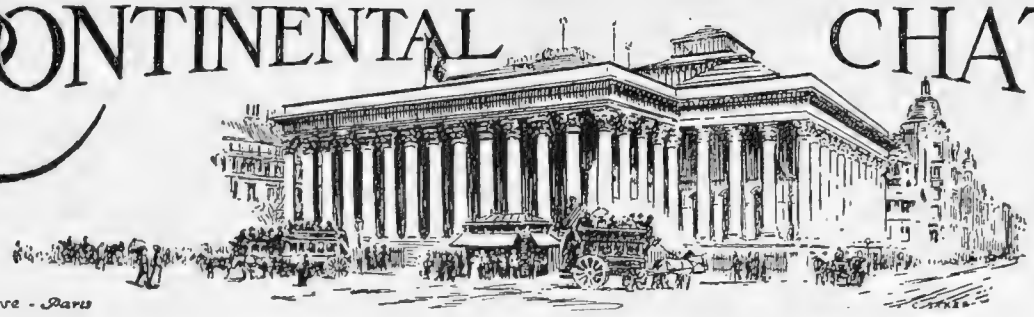
His Latest Rôle

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, the well-known actor, plays the part of barman at his Rupert Street bar

Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald has forsaken the boards for the bar—at any rate, for the nonce. He is above seen attending to a customer behind the American bar which he has just opened in Rupert Street, Soho, and which is, for the time being, the rendezvous of a section of gay townsmen

CONTINENTAL CHAT



The National Fêtes

Again Paris begins to look deserted. In spite of the cold weather we have had up till now, every fashionable woman has either actually or ostensibly left the gay capital; for it is considered the height of vulgarity to remain in Paris for the 14th of July Republican Fêtes—memorable this year, by the way, for the absurd and unimaginative attempt on the life of President Fallières. The theatre season has finished; most of the big town houses are empty, and, walking from the Avenue d'Aster down the Champs-Elysées to the Faubourg St. Germain, there are only rows and rows of closed shutters to greet one on every side. Even the *Députés* have decided to take their well-earned rest. After their many midnight sittings, M. Clemenceau, to the astonishment of all and sundry, still finds himself at the head of the French Government. He is now about to fortify himself for his winter's work by retiring to Carlsbad, his favourite resort. From what I can gather generally, France seems every year to be losing her enthusiasm for the fêtes which commemorate the fall of the Bastille, or, in other words, the inauguration of Liberty. By now, doubtless, she will have discovered that this great ideal cannot exist. Indeed, after all that has taken place in the South, rejoicing seems almost a sacrilege.

* * *

Hervé on the War-path

Hervé, that objectionable person to whom the workman looks up with veneration, has been busy holding meetings to protest against the Longchamp Review taking place. To the war cry of "*À bas la République*," he has taught the masses to scorn and despise, not only laws and liberty, but the Fatherland itself. Although General Baillond has already struck the death-blow to anti-militarism, Hervé never loses heart. "I will go to Longchamp to protest," he declares, "though I be the only one to do so." It is not altogether a pity that the enthusiasm of the mob is on the wane.

* * *

Paris too Lazy to Decorate

Paris this year made no great exertion to disfigure her streets. Never were there so few glaring flags and *cocardes* to be seen, never fewer paper shields; the only picturesque note that is left can be seen at the corner of the streets or in the big squares, where balls, absolutely shorn of any ceremony, take place till very late in the night. There were many fine uniforms to be seen in the President's Tribune this year at Longchamp, and every soldier seemed to be better groomed than was ever the case before. The appearance of the *dirigeable* "*Patrie*" hovering over the proceedings was most amusing, and the presence of the ex-Queen Ranavalo, bedecked in jewels, and attended by a single maid, lent a touch of colour to the assembly. Ever since she can remember, her Majesty has longed to see this military display. Let us hope she is not disappointed.

* * *

An American Club in Paris

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid is a far more charitable person than many suppose. She gives away a great deal, but never indiscriminately, and, in spite of her numerous receptions, she finds time to discover exactly the class most in need of monetary assistance. Many years ago, when she was staying in Paris, someone told her the sad story of an American student who had starved to death, and she immediately made up her mind that this should not occur again. Paris is full of American students, and, indeed, of students of all nationalities. All those who possess any artistic tastes or talents, or suppose they do, generally consider it necessary for them to spend some part of their career in the capital of

Photo *Park*

The Attempt on M. Fallières

The President presenting the medals to troops at Longchamp, on leaving the review ground during the National Fêtes. His return to Paris was marked by a—fortunately—futile attempt on his life

France. Many of them are naïve enough to suppose they have only to appear in order to command success. They have absolutely no idea of the conditions of living; then, when they arrive, they are bitterly disappointed, and many are the heartrending tales that have been told of girls who have found out their mistake, but are too proud to go back. Mrs. Hearst, the Californian millionairess, has interested herself in the fate of these poor students, but her efforts are mostly confined to Californians. Every year she offers scholarships, tenable for four years, to be competed for among the girls of the University. All the winner's expenses are paid from the moment she leaves California till her return.

* * *

An Impression of the Interior

When Mrs. Whitelaw Reid took up the cause of the American girl, she never rested till some sort of a club was founded, so that no American girl should feel a stranger in a foreign city. Any American student may go in and have tea free of charge, and for many of those present it is only too evident that this is the only substantial meal of the day.

From the outside the house is severe and simple enough, a typical *Faubourg* residence. It is decidedly not a tea-shop, as many have supposed, nor does it seem to be a paying place at all. During the few minutes that I was there, I saw many young women taking tea on tiny little tables scattered about the garden, which could not have been more than twenty yards long. They were all American students studying music, painting, and other branches of learning, and I can quite imagine the Sorbonne would attract more than one of these aspiring girls. There is a pretty drawing-room furnished in Liberty style, where members can receive their guests; and there is many a quiet and pretty nook in this rambling old-fashioned place, with its odd staircases, flagged and washed, as they were, quite a century ago.

* * *

An Indian Prince Lionised in Paris

The Maharajah of Kapurthala is expected to return to Paris before sailing for India. In the "City of Light" he has been completely "lionised"; everyone wanted to see him and entertain him. As a guest, he was quite as amusing as any Grand Duke, and a great deal less dangerous. When, last year, Chartran painted his portrait, which was exhibited in the *Salon*, he expressed his delight at the fact that his jewels were seen to such advantage. I am told, too, that on this account he gave the artist more than he had agreed to do, and no doubt the artist did not object. Although the Maharajah finds Parisian hostesses fascinating beyond description, he naturally prefers the ladies of his own land, who can be sentenced to death should they attempt to dishonour the name of their lord and master. At one time, it is rumoured, the Rajah was to have married a Turkish Princess, but the Sultan refused his consent, seeing that the bride would be under British jurisdiction.

* * *

Smart People at Ostend

Many members of fashionable Society were last week at Ostend, where King Leopold is to stay till the end of the month. The Duc de Gramont, Prince Murat, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, and Prince Miguel de Braganza were present at the Heligoland-Ostend yacht races, when prizes to the value of £2,000 were given. Among the yachts competing were King Alfonso's *Mouriscot*, Prince Albert of Belgium's *Flandria*, Mr. Dalziel's *Capercailzie*, and the Duke of Leed's *Aries*.

Photo *C. Trampus*

The German Crown Prince Attends a Review

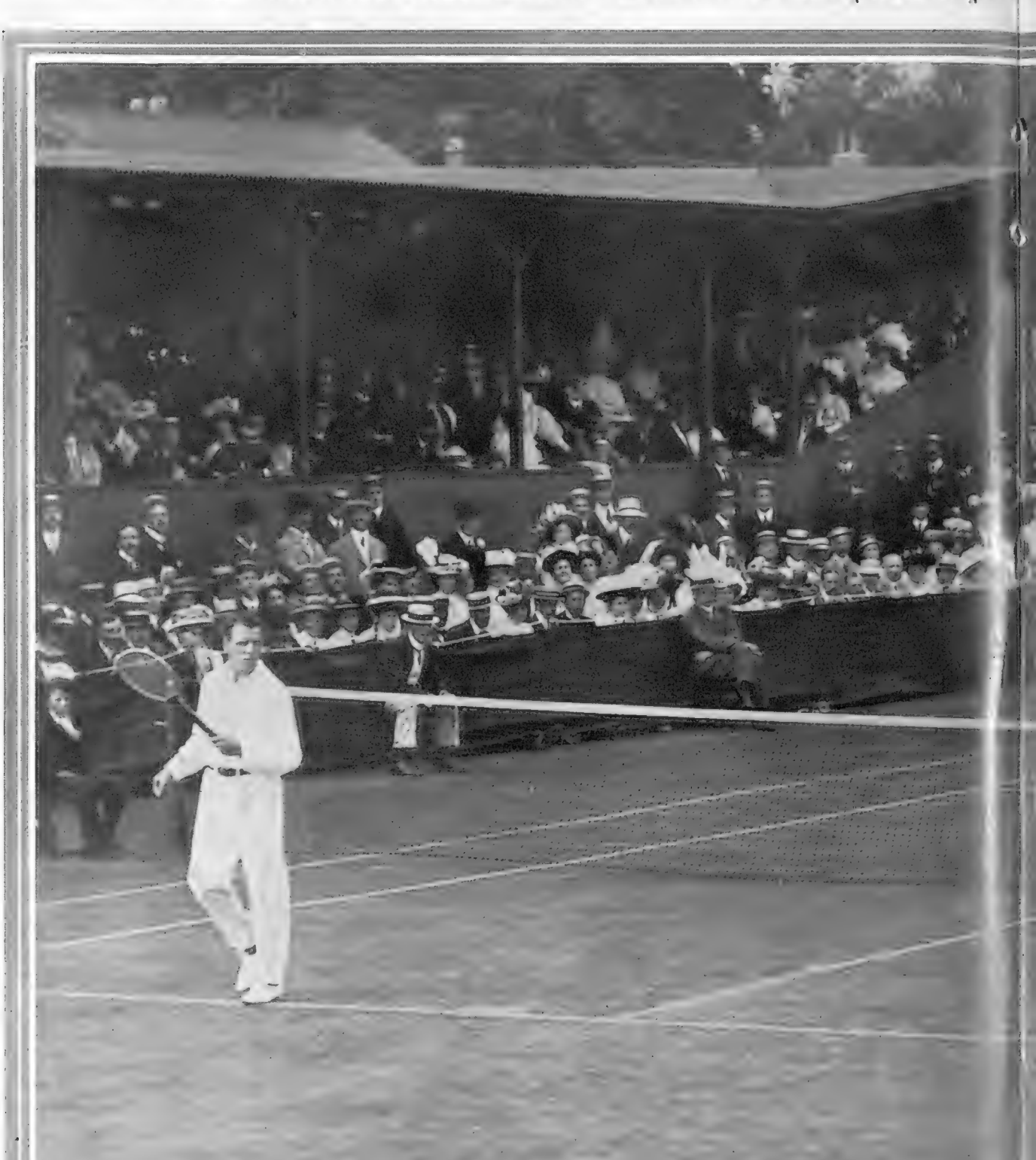
Prince William at the review of military exercises and tactics which took place recently at the camp at Döberitz. The Crown Princess is seen mounted on his left

The Flight of Fancy

WHERE BINKS THINKS HE WILL GO FOR HIS HOLIDAY—AND WHERE HE GOES

BY N. M. MORROW

The International Lawn Tennis Championships

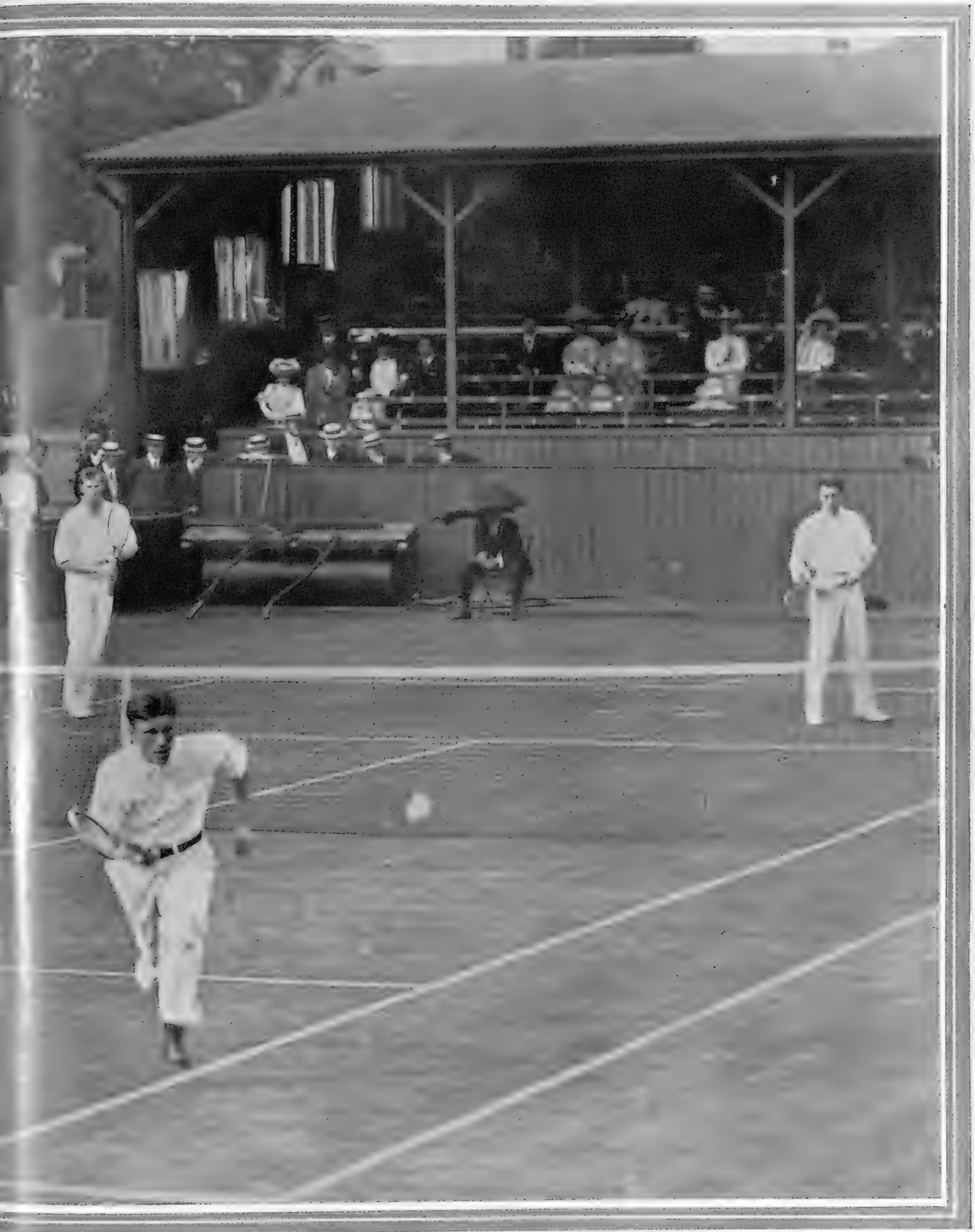


Photo]

THE FIGHT FOR THE DAVIS CUP AT WIMBLEDON: BEALS WRIGHT AND KARL BEHR, AMERICA

That England can no longer claim the monopoly of all the high positions in the realm of sport has been recently proved, much to her chagrin. The victory of the Belgians at Henley, and of the Frenchman, Arnaud Massey, in the Open Golf Championship. has been a bitter pill for her to swallow, but it should be remembered that other countries' ability to produce good / tuition, and she should rather rejoice that prowess, and that the qualities of sportsm is to be beaten in any game, however, she

Australasia Beats America in the First Round

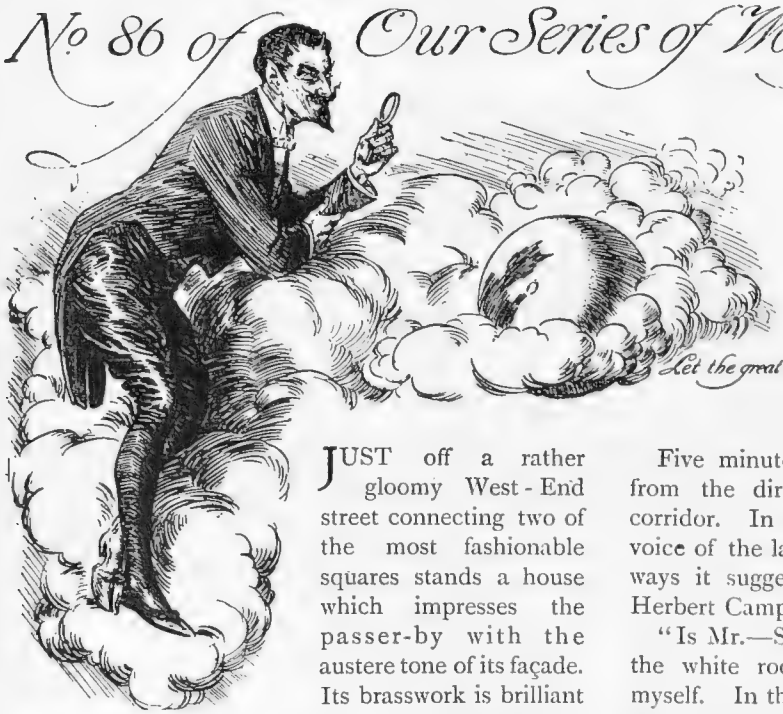


Halftones, Ltd.

A'S REPRESENTATIVES (in the foreground) DEFEATED BY A. F. WILDING AND NORMAN BROOKES

ortsmen has been mainly due to England's it she has now got rivals worthy of her manship are well-nigh universal. If she naturally prefers the victors to be of one of the English-speaking races, and this fact has made the task of watching the fortunes of the Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon a little more bearable than other events, for her chief rivals in this sphere have, at least, been Australasians or Americans, both Anglo-Saxon races and both originally of the same stock as herself

No. 86 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



Counterfeit

By

BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

JUST off a rather gloomy West-End street connecting two of the most fashionable squares stands a house which impresses the passer-by with the austere tone of its façade. Its brasswork is brilliant and its paint of a melancholy cleanliness. None of the residents of the neighbourhood can remember that the house has ever been taken in hand by the decorators, but yet the paint does not crack or crumble. Perhaps the colour becomes a little darker as the years roll by, but the exterior remains patchless, orderly, ascetic.

At the door of this house, one cold Spring day, stood a thickly dressed man of some thirty-five years. The collar of his overcoat, which was long, was very wide. It was not pasted with fur or astrachan. The gloves he wore were stained but unfrayed, and his umbrella—especially by the way in which it was folded—suggested a lack of self-reliance and an affection for oysters. Here the virtues of his appearance ended. The well-fed face did not show the lines of character, one ear turned out at a much wider angle than the other, and the feet were obviously small and encased in grotesquely graceful boots. It was an ordinary type, blandly commonplace, of no particular use to God or hangman.

He pressed the bell, and was instantly admitted. An elderly little whiskered man, who held the door open with his left hand, and kept the right firmly glued on to the lapel of his coat, confronted him. The visitor announced, in rather a high-pitched voice, that his name was Splaine—Mr. Frank Splaine—and that he had been promised an interview by Father Skeen at three o'clock. The janitor, who never spoke until he was insulted, closed the door, and replaced his left hand on the left lapel of his coat. And there, indeed, would he keep it until the next caller arrived.

Mr. Splaine was shown into one of a number of small rooms leading off a lengthy corridor, and left to himself. There was a carpet, a small table, three chairs, a very large engraving entitled "Cardinal Manning's Last Reception," and an empty match-box in the room. The window-blind, being a fixture, could not be counted. Mr. Splaine sat down on one of the very small chairs, and, turning up his wide overcoat collar, disappeared.

Five minutes later a big, booming voice coming from the direction of the hall shook through the corridor. In some ways it reminded Splaine of the voice of the late Mr. Wilson Barrett, while in other ways it suggested the raw unction of the late Mr. Herbert Campbell.

"Is Mr.—Splaine—in the white room? He is in the white room. Ah! Ah-h-h! I will tell him myself. In the white room, you said? Yes. Yes." The speaker abandoned his monologue reluctantly, it seemed to Splaine. The door of the room swung open, and a man of tremendous build stood in the doorway. He wore a great black coat, belted, and a soft crush hat. He stood with his hands in his overcoat pockets, and the expression in his sharp-set eyes distinctly meant—"What effect does my appearance make on you?" Splaine stood up, and bowed slightly. He took a great fancy at once to the generous kindliness of the priest's handsome face.

"Father Skeen is in his room. You will find the door immediately at the top of this flight of stairs. Go up now. Don't keep him long. He's busy, very busy, but very good-natured. So cut it short. You are Frank Splaine, aren't you? You were at Stonyhurst."

"Yes, Father, for five years. I left in Poetry."

"I knew you in Syntax. You played the Ghost in *Macbeth*. Awful, awful! Good afternoon." Splaine mounted the stairs chuckling, and knocked at the door of Father Skeen's room. A thin, cultured voice bade him enter.

Father Skeen was a very white man, with abnormally smooth skin and hands. His eyes were very wide and very gentle, and yet the face was so manly that it was impossible to picture it in tears. His shirt-cuffs were drawn out to show fully an inch of white, and as he advanced to greet Splaine he brushed some cigarette-ash from the breast of his gown with one of the wings.

"Well, Chips," said the priest, calling Splaine by his college nickname, "you are quite unrecognisable."

"I'm fifteen years older, Father. And I've got the weight of London on me now. You know what that means." They shook hands very cordially. Splaine glanced round the room, and though he could see nothing luxurious, it all looked very comfortable.

"Well, what's up, Frank?" asked the priest, resuming his seat at the escritoire. "That's a comfortable chair."

"I'm—I'm in love."

"Of course, of course. A very healthy state of

(*Continued on page 186*)

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

A "Michu" for the Halls

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Denise Orme, who is now appearing at the Palace Theatre

Miss Denise Orme made her first success as one of *The Little Michus* at Daly's Theatre. She is not only an accomplished actress, but is also an expert player on the violin and harp

(*Continued from page 184*)

affairs. Take your overcoat off, Chips." Splaine did as he was told, and then sat down and looked at himself.

"A man came to me only a day or two ago, and he sat in that same chair and announced that he couldn't fall in love. If I remember rightly, we talked about Latin pronunciation and church music. Then I bowed him out. But your predicament is not nearly so hopeless. You're not so athletic as you used to be, Chips?"

"I'm thirty-five. And you can't——"

"Bachelors at thirty-five are always erotic. How young is the lady?" Splaine's face flamed red.

"I believe she is older than I am."

"Indeed, indeed. Obviously a *divorcée*, or you would not have come to me. I must not know the lady's name?"

"Naturally, you had better not, Father—not yet, at any rate. Her husband was the aggrieved party. It was rather a bad case. But she has told me that she never loved him, that she did not understand love until she met Jack—I mean the co-respondent. The sudden realisation temporarily unbalanced her."

"Of course, Jack returned her affection."

"Oh! yes—well!—oh! yes, certainly."

"And proposed to her when she became a free woman?"

"So I believe. She refused him." Father Skeen smiled quizzically.

"But only because he was so absurdly hard up," added Splaine, rather hotly.

"Quite so. There are not supposed to be any wealthy co-respondents. You don't see anything illogical, I suppose, about a love which palliates unchastity, but is afraid to face—discomfort."

"She faced worse than discomfort. That story about the bottle——"

"Ss—h! It is paradoxical to speak of facing the inevitable. What happened to Jack?"

"He married soon afterwards; so that you see her judgment was quite correct."

"Very sound, very sound. Women think in circles. Her husband was uxorious, I expect."

"An uxorious old rotter."

"Her phrase, no doubt. She married him in a serious reflective mood. He was so very portentous about it, perhaps, that he drove her to frivolity. Don't interrupt. She met the third party in this light-headed phase, having by then forgotten how to think, much less reason. She stumbled, burnt her fingers, and slowly, by degrees, got round the circle to the point of pensiveness at which she had originally taken the vows of matrimony. It was then that Jack proposed, and was naturally refused. Years afterwards—years, let us suppose, of congenial asceticism—another man crossed her path, yourself. Now go on with the story."

"I met her at a dance. That evening she told me the story of her past."

"Before or after supper?" demanded Father Skeen, sharply.

"After, I suppose," replied Splaine, looking up with a surprised glance. "She seemed so anxious for sympathy. She thought that it would help her for a man like me to know—if we could be friends. People do confide in me a lot, for some reason or other," he added, trying to put a deeper note into his voice "She seemed such a simple, natural woman, such——"

"What was she wearing?"

"I—oh! I forget now." Father Skeen made a movement with his forefinger on the table as if he was ticking up something.

"She was so unaffected, so frank in condemning herself for the mischief she had done, that I was bound to be interested in her. Oh, I remember now, she was dressed in white, and she has very long black hair."

"Very long, Chips?" queried the Priest, raising his eyebrows. Splaine blushed hotly.

"Very plentiful, I mean, Father. We met often after that night, and I learned to love her. I want to ask her to be my wife."

"How long have you known her?"

"Five months."

"Have you ever felt similarly towards another woman?"

"Never quite the same. I have taken a fancy to others, of course."

"How many—roughly?" Splaine laughed aside the question. Father Skeen began to walk up and down the room.

"I understand," said he, pausing by Splaine's chair, "what you want." There was a knock at the door. A Mrs. Lloyd had called to see the priest. Might she wait? Yes. He would be free in ten minutes.

"You want me to call and see her, Frank, for one thing, don't you?"

"It would be very good of you. I have mentioned your name to her as an old friend of mine, and she knew you, of course, by repute."

"How long has she known that your loyalty to your religion might prevent a happy ending to your courtship?"

"Since last Saturday, after I had——"

"Proposed?"

"Well, no; it wasn't exactly a proposal," answered Splaine, moving uncomfortably.

"Why did you not tell her before?"

"Surely it was not necessary." Father Skeen, who stood at the window, turned sharply at this reply. A new light came into his eyes.

"What sort of relations were there between you that she did not guess your religion? You have certainly been a little unpractical for the past five months, Chips, haven't you? Tell me, now, what type of woman is she? I imagine her as smaller than yourself, slim, very pale and dark, with large, lifeless eyes, and regular, very regular, but not exactly classical, features."

"Why, you must have guessed her identity."

"Not at all. Are you sure you love her?"

"Perfectly sure."

"Is your love so sincere that you would give her up joyfully if you were assured that her happiness rested on an alliance with someone other than yourself?"

"Yes, yes, yes," said Splaine, repeating the word over and over again as if to convince himself. His manner was becoming a little petulant.

"How have you tested your love?"

(*Continued on page 188*)

Where the Tripper Does Not Trip

Photo *Cleaves*

A Beautiful View over Falmouth from the Hunter's Path

Of our beautiful seaboard, no portion is more suited for the ideal holiday than the coast of Cornwall, where the delights and beauties of both sea and country can be obtained, and where each is the best of its kind. It is, however, comparativeiy neglected by those in search of a new holiday resort, a state of things which those looking for a fresh district would do well to remedy, for the Great Western expresses take only from six to seven hours to perform the journey

(*Continued from page 186*)

"How could I make that clear? And, if I did, how could a priest understand?" An angry flash leapt into Father Skeen's eyes. For a few moments he stood silently gazing at his visitor. Splaine felt as if his soul was shivering in the draught that whistled through the crannies.

"I beg your pardon," he said presently. "That was rude and silly, of course." Father Skeen smiled again good-humouredly.

"Tell me her name now. I will certainly call."

"Lady Chrystie, Green Street."

"Dear me, dear me! Well, I'm very glad you came, Frank, very glad. I daresay the matter can be arranged if it is essential to your happiness. The obvious sincerity of your passion is a powerful argument for the relaxation of the rule in this particular case." Splaine's eyes and mouth opened wide with astonishment. He was about to speak, when there came another knock at the door. Mrs. Lloyd would be deeply obliged if Father Skeen could see her now. She had an important engagement at five.

"Yes," said the priest, "I will come at once. Good-bye, Frank. It is very satisfactory to find you so loyal. I shall see you again soon, no doubt." Splaine, still too surprised to be entirely coherent, mumbled some staccato words of thanks, and excitedly hurried downstairs. Father Skeen, after putting on a pair of spectacles, followed him leisurely, and smiled very broadly when his visitor's back had disappeared.

He entered one of the parlours in the long corridor, where there was a microscopic fire burning. There were two pictures on the walls, but otherwise the furnishing was identical with that of the room into which Splaine was ushered, even down to the empty match-box. The priest was not very much surprised to find a smallish woman, slim and with high-piled black hair, awaiting him. He had, however, hardly expected her so soon. The lady rose and bowed to him as he entered, and on resuming her seat raised her veil. Her features were rather pinched, but distinctly regular, and her eyes were lifeless and large.

"I expect you are wondering who I am, Father? You have never seen me before, and I must explain that I have given you a false name. I will tell you my real name later, but first of all I want to ask your help and advice. I must tell you that five years ago I had the unhappiness to be divorced." She paused for a moment and cleared her throat. Father Skeen nodded encouragingly.

"Five months ago, I met someone whom I believe you know, and we became very fond of each other. On Saturday last I discovered that he was a Catholic. He told me just after he proposed to me. No, just before."

"How long had he known of—of the unhappy ending to your first essay in matrimony?"

"Oh, he must have known long before he met me. There was so much about it in the papers. They were very unfair to me. The incident of the bottle——"

"Is quite extraneous to our subject. He never led you to think in those five months that he was anything but what is somewhat paradoxically known as a broad-minded man of the world?"

"No. But you see, Father, if he loved me, he would naturally wish to conceal the contrast between his character and mine."

"Well, go on with your story."

"There is nothing more to tell. We love each other, though I have not actually accepted his proposal. After learning that he was a Catholic, and evidently loyal to his religion, I asked for a week to think."

"Did he protest?"

"Yes and no."

"How is it that you happen to call on me?"

"He knows you. He has mentioned your name to me, and I gathered last Saturday that he would ask your advice. It is now Monday, and I have not heard from him. I was afraid that he——"

"Had not plucked up enough courage yet to make inquiries."

"Or that you had dissuaded him from his purpose."

"Why should I?" asked Father Skeen. "Did you think my attitude would necessarily be one of relentless opposition?"

"Yes. You see, we are always led to believe so."

"Did you oppose the idea of his consulting me?"

"It seemed right—for his sake."

"And, believing that my efforts would inevitably be directed against your union, you not only tacitly agreed that your lover should consult me, but actually hurried here to supply the information yourself, in case his courage should fail him. You are an extraordinarily scrupulous lady."

"I—I was getting anxious," said she, rather weakly.

"It is a very odd thing, but only this afternoon I had a visit from a young man, whom you may or may not know, whose unexpressed object was to persuade me to interfere with his prospective marriage with a *divorcée*."

"Indeed!"

"He had been intimate with her for some months, I gathered, and was forced to propose, although he was really tired of her. She still loves him very ardently, I am told, and his idea in coming to me was to get Holy Mother Church to cover his rather dastardly retreat. I'm afraid he went away in rather a worried frame of mind."

"What was his name?"

"Perhaps it would be wiser to ask you yours first."

"Oh, I don't mind telling you at all. I am Mrs. Phillips."

"Two 'l's' and three 'p's'?"

"Er—one 'p' and two 'l's.'"

"Good gracious! . . . Then it cannot concern you. His name was Frank Splaine. You have not met him?"

"No." Mrs. Phillips (*née* Lloyd) rose to go. The smiling priest opened the door for her.

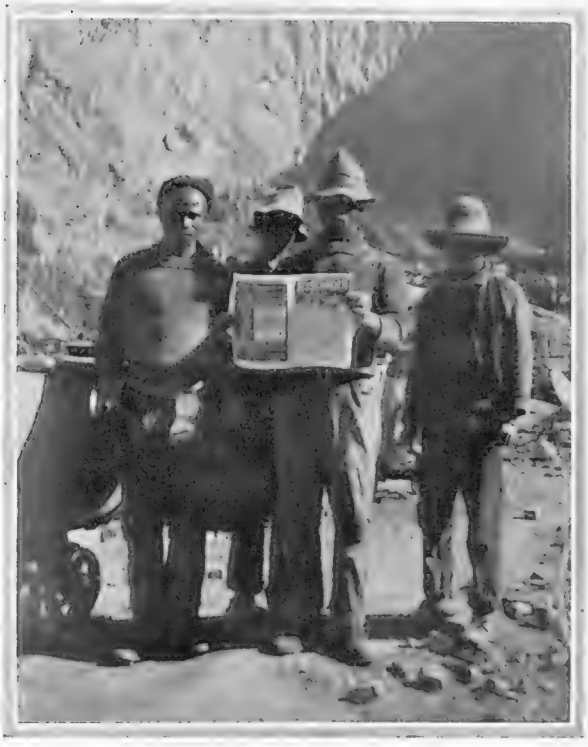
"When your friend does call," said he, following her into the hall, "I can promise you that I shall be very sympathetic. Good afternoon."

Father Skeen went out on to the step and watched the slim little woman walk away. As he stood there a newsboy appeared at the corner displaying a red contents-bill. "Daring Burglary," it read, "Two Old Masters Cut from their Frames." Father Skeen started guiltily as he read the flaunting type. Then he laughed and went slowly indoors.

BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS.

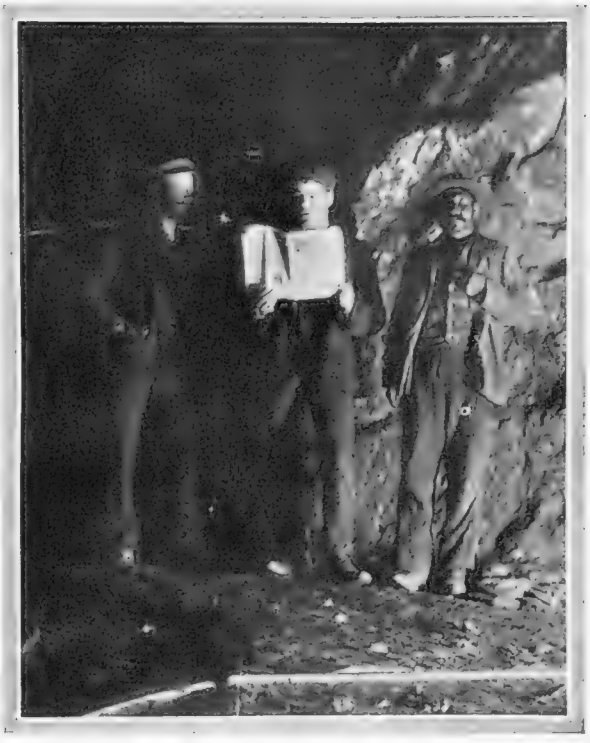
A Miner Interest in "The Bystander"

(10s. 6d. *is paid for every photograph of readers in distant parts published on this page*



In a South African Diamond Mine

The sender, Mrs. E. H. Hullcatt, Tempé Cantonment, Bloemfontein, South Africa, writes: "This photograph was taken at the bottom of the Jagersfontein Diamond Mine, Orange River Colony. It is an open mine, one of the biggest in South Africa, being 600ft. deep and 900ft. across. The boys holding the paper are Basutos. The blue stone, in which the diamonds are found, is blasted and then shovelled into one of the little trollies (seen on the left), which are in turn emptied into iron tubs, worked up and down the side of the mine by means of a steel rope"



In a Bolivian Tin Mine

The readers are standing at the end of the main tunnel, 333 metres long, of the Concordia Tin Mine in Bolivia, and the photograph is, of course, a flash-light one. The mine, like all in Bolivia, is high above sea level, that is, some 4,000 metres, or about 13,000ft., and although situated in the tropics, the climate is never hot, even at midsummer. This district is the richest mineral country in the world, and though at present little known to Englishmen, it has, thanks to the opening up of the country by Chilian and Argentine capital a great future before it. Sent by S. P. C., Tirpaza, Bolivia

In the South American Nitrate District

The sender, Mr. C. Meriven Rogers, Valparaiso, writes: "The enclosed photograph was taken while on a trip through the nitrate district of Tarapaca, South America, and shows the raw material or "caliche" on cars as it is brought in from the pampas, while in the background a car-load can be seen just in the act of being emptied into the "crushers," where it is broken up to a convenient size for the boiling tanks. After severe boiling, the nitrate solution is run into large tanks and left to cool and crystallise"

Weeds and the Hoe

The luxuriant growth which is the result of good cultivation is a powerful factor in keeping down weeds. It is true that they can thrive where any garden plants can—and, indeed, in many places where the latter can't—but when the plants are grown very closely together, the weeds underneath, deprived of light and air, are starved out of existence. In other beds and borders, where there is more space between the plants, the hoe must be used at every opportunity in dry weather. At this season it is the most useful tool in the garden. Not only does it destroy weeds, but also it disturbs insects—and where they are frequently disturbed they will not stay—aerates the soil, and, by producing a loose surface-layer, checks evaporation, and thus greatly lessens the labour of watering. All these are important matters, but the most important is aeration. For the soil down to a certain depth teems with bacteria, several different species, each working for itself in its own way, and, by doing so, working for the world at large. One species utilises the nitrogen in the atmosphere and converts it into plant-food, performing a service so great that its value could not be estimated in money. Some of this nitrogen is obtained from the air which penetrates the interstices in the soil, and some is carried down by rain; but, if the supply is to be really plentiful, the soil must be stirred often, so as to admit air freely, and for this purpose the hoe is indispensable.

Some Greenhouse Plants

Azaleas, camellias, and other hard-wooded plants which have flowered should be turned out of the greenhouse. If they were treated properly immediately after flowering—kept in a warm, moist atmosphere and frequently syringed—they should now be provided with plenty of young shoots, and exposure to air and sunlight is necessary to ripen the wood. The chief danger is lest the pots should become so hot that the delicate roots in contact with them inside are injured, but this may be avoided by care in watering, especially if the pots (not the plants) are protected in some way. Richardias or arum lilies should also be placed in the open air. In some gardens they are planted out in trenches, but there is really no need to do this. As the leaves change colour, the supply of water should be reduced, and when they die down it should be withheld altogether for a few weeks. The plants flower all the better for a good baking in the sun. Such plants as still remain in the greenhouse will require plenty of air and plenty of moisture. The lights, and even the door, should be open all day long in sunny weather, and a little air may be admitted on warm nights. Even such tropical plants as gloxinias and achimenes are more satisfactory and more lasting when they are grown under fairly cool conditions. This especially applies to gloxinias after the flower-buds appear. In their early stage they certainly require a good deal of warmth, and in a low temperature often do badly, especially if water collects at the crown. On the other hand, achimenes, the finest of all basket plants, grow well with cool treatment, and flower for a long time.

H. C. Davidson.

A Shady Walk by the Water's Edge

The Moody-Manners Opera Season at the Lyric Theatre is enabling many who cannot afford Covent Garden, and who do not care to listen to operas unless they are given in English, to make the acquaintance of the standard operas. The addition to the *répertoire* of *La Bohème*, *Madama Butterfly*, and *Aïda*, has met with everybody's approval, and Mr. Manners' patrons hope that this time next year he will embark upon his sixth London autumn season.

A Horticultural Triumph

AN ENGLISH-GROWN COCOA TREE WHICH HAS BORNE FRUIT

A One-year-old Cocoa Plant

It is extremely difficult to get the seeds to grow, even in the hottest greenhouse in this country

Some Fine Cocoa Pods

In the centre of the pod cut open can be seen the beans from which the beverage is made. Each pod contains from fifty to one hundred seeds

The Flower and Fruit of the Cocoa Tree

The small flowers, which appear in May, have a rose-coloured calyx and a yellow corolla. Note the small size of the flower compared with the pod

Photos

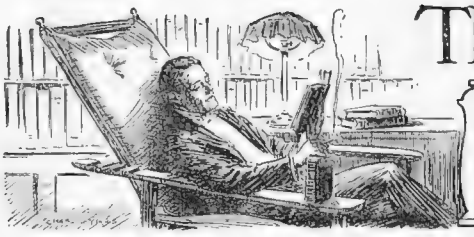
The First Fruit-bearing Cocoa Tree Grown in England

The cocoa tree grown at Norwood, bearing fully developed pods. This has never been accomplished anywhere else in this country. The authorities at Kew would give a great deal to fruit the cocoa so successfully

Bastin

A Fine Specimen of the Cocoa Tree ("Theobroma Cacao")

The plant grows with great rapidity after the first year, and begins to bear fruit at the fourth year. In tropical South America, of which it is a native, it grows to a height of 16 ft. or 18 ft.



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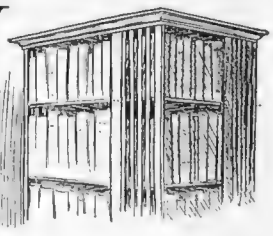


Books to Order This Week

"Kindred Spirits." By L. T. Meade. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"Me and Myn." By S. R. Crockett. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"The Dupe." By Gerald Biss. (Greening: 6*s.*)

Holiday Novels

The crop of novels for holiday reading this year is quite up to the average in variety, if not the equal of last year in point of distinction. But, then, it would be scarcely reasonable to expect, every holiday, to be able to pack into one's portmanteau a "Guarded Flame," a "Treasure of Heaven," a "Call of the Blood," or a "Viper of Milan"—books which made last year's summer so notable for the holiday novel-reader.

Something New in Ghosts

Probably "L. T. Meade" (Mrs. Toulmin Smith) is the most versatile of living women novelists. There seems no kind of story to which she cannot turn her facile pen. Unencumbered as is, for instance, Mr. Bernard Capes, with a distinctive style, "L. T. Meade" can rattle off a story of love-interest, domesticity, childhood, sensation, mystery, at the pace of, I have heard, eight thousand words a day. She has written over two hundred novels. In fertility she has out-Anthonied Trollope, and is rapidly out-Baring-Gould. Her last novel, *Kindred Spirits* (Long: 6*s.*), is a proof of how it is possible to be fertile, and yet by no means to be unoriginal. It boasts of a distinctive plot, and is a story of the uncanny variety which quite holds the attention. Its basis is something quite novel in the form of ghosts—a ghost of tangible life and substance, and yet, nevertheless, a ghost. He is the curse of Quyre, the seat of the Pleydell family, and haunts its precincts, a monster of hideous and unnatural mien, as the real owner. His plaint is that he is immortal. So long as no human soul turns on to him any other eyes than those of loathing, so long must he remain alive. Give him one look of pity and he will obligingly die. Well, the story tells us how this hideous monster haunts and makes miserable the life of the reigning Pleydell. It tells of Pleydell's love and of his marriage, and of how one woman—a kindred spirit, though neither his wife nor his lover—performs, for his sake, the hideous feat of facing the monster, and of killing him by the needed glance of commiseration. I need say no more to prove the striking imagery of the theme, and can only add that it is told with all the author's characteristic skill and "pleasantness."

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

"Ouida" (Mlle. de la Ramee)

The famous but eccentric novelist, who has just been granted a Civil List pension of £150 a year. At the present moment she is living in very poor circumstances in Italy

"Me and Myn"

Mr. Crockett's contribution to the holiday fare is *Me and Myn* (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*). Admirers of Mr. Crockett will discover in his new story all their favourite's much-vaunted sentimentality and Celtic humour—a humour which, in the naïve words of a rapturous *Daily Mail* admirer, "somehow leaves you mournful." Mr. Crockett's *Me and Myn* are a couple of young North-country pupil teachers—boy and girl—who like each other with a rough, tolerant sort of liking, and who join together as partners in a stamp-collecting business. The young man narrates his adventures in strangely illiterate style for a pupil teacher, in a slang which seems somewhat hybrid, and is therefore hardly pleasing to read. He is incessantly boasting of the lickings and head-punchings which he has given or is about to administer to his hapless fellow-mortals. *Me and Myn*, though a sentimental sort of love story, is not entirely conventional. A happy ending it has, but this does not mean that the youthful partners in business become partners in a matrimonial sense. No. "Me," the hero, mates with another than "Myn," who, in her turn, mates with another than "Me," there being, all the same, no hearts broken. For the reader who can stomach 200,000 words of a story related in the aforementioned style of hybrid slang, Mr. Crockett's book may be recommended as a worthy effort. Personally, however, I cannot get that *Daily Mail* admirer's sentence out of my mind—that Mr. Crockett's humour "sometimes leaves you mournful." It leaves me that way all the time.

"The Great Skene Mystery"

Talking about the stomaching of styles (I apologise for this vile phrase, but have not the heart to abandon it after having led it thus far), much the same comment may be passed on Mr. Bernard Capes's *Great Skene Mystery* (Methuen: 6*s.*). Mr. Capes has here forsaken Italy and mediævalism, Savoy and red republicanism, and, according to his publisher's announcement, has "abandoned himself with great relish" to this

unvarnished tale of crime. I should prefer to say "upset himself"—and spoilt the story—for no broken wine-bottle ever stained a costume so effectually as this style of Mr. Capes's stains the "plain, unvarnished" tale of crime over which it has fallen. Briefly, he tells us the story of a murder, the changing of conflicting babies, a wrongful arrest and imprisonment, and long litigation. There is a pleasing heroine, a moderately repulsive villain, a Sherlock Holmes detective, and most of the other ingredients of melodrama. But—that style of Mr. Capes's—well, well! perhaps there may be some who do not mind having things spoilt provided the quality of the stuff upset is beyond reproach. For such as these, let there be no doubt of it—Mr. Capes's style, taken by itself, is of the very best manufacture: it has the hall-mark of charm and of brilliancy in every sentence. It is subtle and flamboyant, and the range of his verbiage is far-flung. Those who love style for its own sweet sake may rejoice in any example by Mr. Capes, but for those who love a story—ah! that is another question.

Pot and Kettle Amenities

Her Brother's Letters is the title of a curious anonymous volume, of American origin, published by Mr. E. Grant Richards, and illustrated with some decidedly attractive drawings by Mr. F. Vaux Wilson and Mr. C. M. Relyea. The letters harp mostly on the immodesty and the unwomanliness of the modern woman (American species) as viewed by an average member of the opposite sex, and set forth to the listening ears of a strangely submissive sister. Personally, were I the young lady addressed respectively as "Sis" and "Kittens," I should consider it just like his impertinence to use me as a receptacle for stray moralisations at the expense of my sex. For the American man throwing stones at the American woman is a very bad case of the pot calling the kettle black. This, however, is not necessarily condemnatory, for who better qualified to comment on the ethics of blackness as applied to the kettle than the pot?

Miscellanea

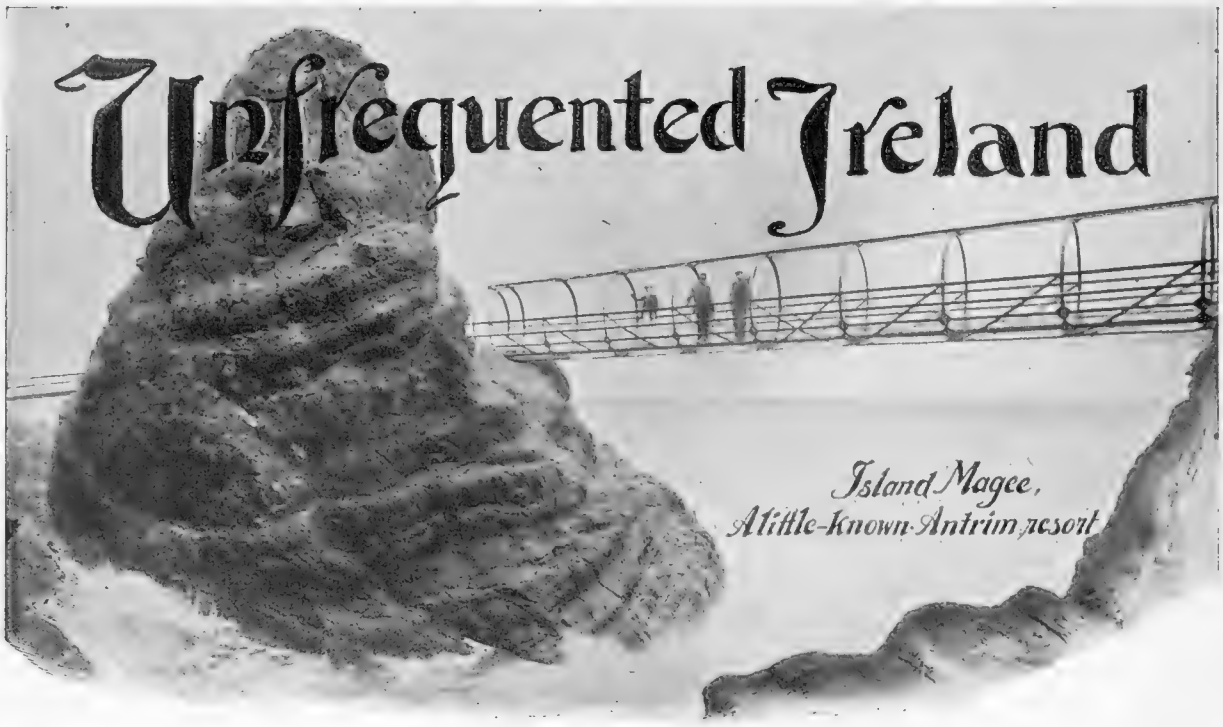
Quite one of the best "thrillers" of the season is *The Dupe*, by Mr. Gerald Biss (Greening: 6*s*.). Mr. Biss certainly knows how to handle an exciting plot, with plenty of cross-currents, and complications, and curtains, and a gentle love interest. The heir to a peerage—Geoffrey Cahill—has been murdered by one Scobell. In order to cover up his crime, Scobell induces the hero of the story, Roger Kelvin, whom he encounters while the destitute outcast from the house of his adopted father, to personate the dead man, and to visit the ancestral halls of the Kilsavage earldom in the guise of the real heir. As ill-luck will have it, Roger falls in love with the Earl's niece, Clodagh. Hating the rôle of impostor, however, he leaves the castle. Then the trouble begins. The body of the real Geoffrey is discovered, and Roger falls under the cloud of suspicion. Disgrace, however, is dramatically spared him. There has been a mystery as to his own paternal origin, and the story ends with the astounding revelation that, though an impostor, he is no impostor, for he is himself the heir to the peerage through a secret and discreditable marriage of the Earl himself. Though, perhaps, somewhat improbable in its *dénouement*, Mr. Biss spins a bright and lively yarn, decidedly of the holiday *genus*.

VIVIAN CARTER.

The Interior of Smith's new Kingsway Library: One of the rooms

One of the newest buildings to grace Kingsway is the handsome library of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, which has been instituted as a central London exchange for Smith's famous Circulating Library. The library contains half a million books, and over these the subscriber can cast his eye until he sees the book he fancies. All the latest books are on show in the "Exhibition Room"

Unfrequented Ireland



A General View of the Island, showing its Rocky Form

Visitors to the North of Ireland often conclude their stay in ignorance of the fact that there are many other interesting places in County Antrim besides the wonderful Giant's Causeway, near Portrush and Carrick-a-Rede, with its perilous rope bridge. Island Magee, with the Gobbins, is one of these little-known Irish resorts, and forms the subject of this article. This Isle derived its name from a family of the name of Magee, who settled here before the seventeenth century. It is not really an island, however, but a peninsula, separated from the mainland by a long stretch of water called Larne Lough, at the head of which is Slaughterford Bridge; this name tells its own tale. Hill informs us in his "McDonnell's of Antrim" that "in 1683 this Island was five miles long and at the narrowest place about a mile wide. Its area was nearly 5,500 acres, containing a good deal of iron mine or loadstone. The yearly rent of this Island was £1,000 per annum, and might have contained 300 men." So that the Isle Magee of 1683 was not as we now know it, and much credit is due to the enterprising local Railway Company, who have, by their excellent train service and other facilities, enabled many travellers to visit and enjoy the splendid scenery and quiet rusticity of this little Irish seaside corner, where there is no village, simply farmhouses. One cannot imagine a more restful spot in which to spend a peaceful holiday "far from the madding crowd."

Gobbins' Bridge

Looking along the curious tubular bridge, 70 ft. long, which spans one of the rocky ravines

An Historic Neighbourhood

Island Magee is reached from England, *viâ* Belfast, and *viâ* Larne from Scotland. By the first route some very interesting places are passed, notably the town of Carrickfergus, called after a King Fergus of ancient date. Here King William landed before the Battle of the Boyne in 1690, and down by the harbour is shown King William's stone, on which the date can still be distinctly traced. On the shore, and bounded inland by a very unpretentious street, stands out the ancient Castle of Carrickfergus, which is the chief object of interest. It is built on a rock 30 ft. high, the walls of the keep are 90 ft. high, 9 ft. thick, and it is a typical example of an Anglo-Norman fortress. In 1210 Prince John landed here, and in 1315 Bruce occupied the town and was crowned King of Ireland.

Tragic Memories

But to return to Island Magee and its unhappy memories. It was here, during the time of the Rebellion of 1641, that so many Irish atrocities were committed by a Scotch force under Sir Phelim O'Neill; whole families and innocent children were slaughtered mercilessly; tradition relates that many were driven over the precipitous cliffs, 300 ft. high, into the sea. These cliffs extend a mile and a half along the coast and are known as the "Gobbins," and from the top a splendid view is obtained. On a clear day Scotland is visible, with its mountains looking

blue and solemn far away on the placid sea. Ailsa Craig looms like a huge dome in the distance, and the Mull of Cantire dimly rises like a pillar of cloud. Quite recently a lighthouse has been built near Whitehead, and to look at the dangerous and black beetling promontory, one marvels that such an indispensable guiding light to mariners should only have begun to shine in 1901.

The Rocky Shore of Island Magee

Showing the bridge and pathway which have been constructed along the side of the cliff

The Gobbins

The ascent of the Gobbins from the sea is only possible at one or two places, but these hitherto inaccessible spots are now easily reached by winding pathways, which have been constructed at various heights by the Railway Company. There are hand-rails and bridges which enable one to explore the caves and other objects of interest. There is something solemn and grand about these lean, solitary crags standing rigid along the shore, the silence intensified by the intermittent noise of waters rushing into little strange creeks, or leaping with a bound into these mysterious caves. Geologists will find much to interest them, for the neighbourhood abounds in layers of stratified and volcanic formation, and prehistoric arrow-heads have been found in the fields above. Botanists, too, will revel in the beauty and variety of many rare plants and splendid ferns which flourish luxuriantly in the caves. The deep ravines from cave to cave are crossed by bridges, and one in particular, which appears in the photographs, is a tubular open iron bridge, 70 ft. long. Many of the steel girders were lifted with much difficulty from rafts, and the hollow lattice girder, through which the path is carried over the abyss, was successfully hoisted up the cliff face into position. Several interesting discoveries were made during the building of the bridges, notably red deer horns, birds, and fishes, regularly cemented to the boulders by calcareous deposits brought down by percolating waters.

For a Quiet Holiday

To those who want a quiet holiday far away from trippers and niggers, one can confidently give the advice to visit and stay a few weeks at Island Magee, County Antrim; nearly all the farmhouses take lodgers, and as now and again sounds faint and distant of the roar of the sea reach the ear, one seems to realise the thankfulness that comes for that sense of exquisite peace and restful quiet that this little corner of Ireland can give.

Carrickfergus Castle

This historic old castle is situated midway between Island Magee and Belfast, and dates from the twelfth century. Here William III. landed before fighting the Battle of the Boyne

POLO

The Coming International Match

No doubt it will be of interest to those concerned in polo to know that the International Match between England and Ireland is to be played at Phœnix Park, Dublin, on Monday, September 2. This is in the week immediately following the great Horse Show, and many visitors to Dublin will stay on to see this notable game. It will be recalled that the three brothers Nickalls and Mr. Buckmaster took the field for England last year. The team will not be the same this time. Mr. Morres Nickalls, for one, will not play. He had the bad luck to break his collar-bone at Roehampton two or three weeks ago, and could scarcely be right again in time for the International. Nor, in any case, do I think his form in 1907 would quite justify his selection. And I should say the same of Mr. Cecil Nickalls, who has worked, as usual, with extraordinary vigour, but has not quite "come off" this season. Even Mr. Buckmaster is not a certainty, for he seems to be momentarily unstrung by his nasty accident at Ranelagh, and has played very little since. Mr. Patteson Nickalls has, I think, played as well as ever, and will undoubtedly be chosen if the team is to be picked on this season's form.

Captain L. W. Sadlier-Jackson

One of the 9th Lancers' team, who is now home on leave from Africa

THREE BRILLIANT POLO PLAYERS

Concerning the Grenfells

A good many other players also call for attention. The Millers, I believe, have Irish blood in their veins, and so are ineligible for England. But there are the Grenfells, two of the prettiest hitters and most dashing riders ever seen in London polo. Facially and physically they are as alike as twins well can be, and they are both real good men in a hard-fought game. "Rivvy" will probably play No. 2 if he is chosen at all, and I think I would rather have him for this place than Mr. Freake, who is not so well mounted. Still, Freake and Buckmaster together make an incomparable pair. For the position of No. 1 I do not consider Captain Jenner could be improved upon.

A Brilliant Soldier Player

Captain L. W. Sadlier-Jackson, of the 9th Lancers, is home on leave from Africa, and has amazed us by his beautiful polo. He is quite one of the most stylish hitters of the day, and gets hold of the ball at all sorts of remarkable angles. Seeing him and Mr. Francis Grenfell, who belongs to the same regiment, we can no longer wonder at the supremacy of the 9th Lancers in Indian polo.

A Successful Ostend Season

With racing, polo, and other sports, there have been gay doings at Ostend during the past few weeks. If Captain E. D. Miller takes anything in hand he generally makes it so, and, certainly, he has made a success of Ostend polo. All the best clubs on the Continent have been represented at the gathering, and many of the best English players are also there, and after seeing the list of entries for the Prix International last week, one might well have imagined that this was a big tournament at one of the London clubs.

Mr. Francis Grenfell

He and his brother are considered two of the prettiest hitters and most dashing riders ever seen in London polo

Mr. "Rivvy" Grenfell

Who may very probably be chosen to play No. 2 in the coming International Match at Dublin. He is the twin brother of Mr. Francis Grenfell

The Opening of the Ostend Season

A Gay Scene on the Wellington Racecourse, Ostend

With racing, polo, and other sports there have been gay doings at Ostend during the last week or two, where the season has recently opened, and all the visitors present have been doing their best to make up as quickly as possible for the loss of time occasioned by the unfortunate weather with which the so-called summer opened

GOLF

By ERNEST LEHMANN

Massey's French Championship

I must note the fresh triumph of Massey, who has remained invincible on his own green at La Boulie, and has won the French Championship for the second time. If, like a Roman General, he had been accorded a triumphal procession, his car of victory would have been followed by a goodly band of vanquished foemen, all worthy of his steel (or shall I say, iron?), in the persons of Braid, the Vardons, Ray, Duncan, Reid, Kinnell, and Mayo. I think it did our players great credit that they should have gone so far afield to contend with Massey for the French Championship. They added dignity to the occasion and increased the value of his victory.

Photo *Topical Agency*

Massey, the French and English Open Champion, watching Harry Vardon putting at the recent Championship Meeting at La Boulie

Arnaud Massey was again successful in beating several of the best British players at the French Open Championship Meeting, held on the beautiful course of the Paris Golf Club recently

Had they abstained, their absence might have been attributed either to "pique" or fear, and I am therefore very glad that they went, and by doing so put the French Championship on a footing almost equal to our own. I rejoice that Massey's Hoylake laurels remain untarnished. His performance at La Boulie proves once again what a splendid player he is, and his scores—77, 72, 74, 75—for the four rounds show how he can produce a superlative round to make up for a slightly inferior one.

Golf in France

The recent Championship, and the victory of one of their countrymen, will, no doubt, increase the popularity of the game among Parisians in particular and Frenchmen in general, and we must expect players like Gassiat, the surprise packet of the La Boulie tournament, to become the rule and not the exception, and to give our players further trouble in the future. Indeed, I have heard that Massey has an assistant at La Boulie whom he considers a superior player to himself. Making due allowance for modesty on Massey's part, the assistant must be a pretty good performer if he comes anywhere near to Massey's standard. At Hoylake quite a cheery "Tartarin de Tarascon" sound was given to the list of competitors by the name of Baptiste Bomboudiac, who, I believe, comes from the same part of the country as Massey. Biarritz is, therefore, rapidly emulating Jersey in the production of great players. When we remember the close relations that existed in bygone days between France and Scotland, it seems quite fitting that Frenchmen should become proficient in the great Scottish game. I wonder if Mr. Andrew Lang, in his many deep studies of the famous and unhappy Mary, has ever lighted on any trace of her having endeavoured to introduce the game, of which she was very fond, during her short years of married life in France. Perhaps she only learnt it on her return to Scotland, and left her beloved France in ignorance of a game which the modern Frenchman bids fair to make something more than his own.

Welcome Rivalry

We are having a fine year of it in most departments of sport. Tennis, rowing, lawn tennis, golf have all had their Championship captured by foreigners. But I see no reason for lamentations. For years and years we have been sowing the seed of sport and games all over the world, and we ought to be the first to rejoice that such a goodly crop has resulted from our husbandry. I shall always welcome International rivalry in all athletic contests. Properly managed, such contests can result in nothing but good, and the friendships

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begun on the playing-field are not likely to be dissolved on other sterner fields. As I have said on a previous occasion, I heartily wish that some kindly plutocrat would step in and offer a cup, like the Davis Cup, for competition among International teams of golfers throughout the world.

Perhaps, when Mr. Rockefeller gets through his little legal troubles in America, he will give this matter serious consideration. This is the second chance I have given him of immortalising himself.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

LAWN TENNIS

A Discovery

Perhaps the most noteworthy thing in lawn tennis last week (apart from the Internationals) was the success which attended the appearance of A. R. F. Kingscote at the Crystal Palace Tournament. When he came through to the final of the Open Singles, beating in the semi-final such a distinguished enemy as the Canadian crack, R. B. Powell, people began to hold up their hands and exclaim: "Who is this upstart?" And well may they have done so, for besides being only about eighteen years of age, Kingscote is virtually a newcomer to English lawn tennis. But in Switzerland, where he has done most of his playing, they know all about him, for he has already achieved great things at several of the Swiss meetings. At Les Avants last year, in the Singles Championship of Switzerland, he was one of the finalists, and ran the ultimate winner, D. P. Rhodes, to five sets, besides winning the Mixed Doubles with Miss Salusbury; while in the handicap he was on the owe 15 4 mark with Rhodes on the back mark at owe 30.2. At Château D'Oex he was beaten by L. O. S. Poidevin, the ultimate winner, in the Singles, but won the Handicap Doubles with H. Kingscote from the owe 15 mark, and was second, with Miss Salusbury, in the Mixed Handicap. Last week enough was seen of his play to justify the belief that a potential champion has at last been unearthed, and one whose youthful age is immensely in his favour. I understand that his home is in Switzerland, and that he is only over here on a short visit; but I hope, nevertheless, that more will be heard of him in England before long.

Overwork: A Postscript

Before passing on to other topic I wish to add a few words to what I was saying last week about open tournament play being so much less conducive than it was to improvement in form, because of the toil involved in wading through the many rounds which the increasing size of present-day programmes necessitates before a final can be won. The man who suffers most from these periodical overdoses of work is the improving player—the man whom we have all "spotted" as a likely candidate for future Championship honours. He may not, as yet at any rate, be the best man at the meeting, but he is certainly good enough to go far in the open events. He also has a chance of actually winning one or more of the handicaps, and so he perseveres in them as well, with the result that if he does not come a cropper all round, he finishes up with perhaps a prize or two to his credit, but in such a state of physical and mental exhaustion that his form so far from having improved will be found to have deteriorated to the extent of half fifteen or even more.

Photo] **Open-air Drama at Sydenham** [*Halftones, Ltd.*

A scene from Miss Brenda Girvin's new play, *Starania*, produced in the garden of her house at Sydenham. A previous play by Miss Girvin was performed successfully before Princess Christian at Wokingham last year

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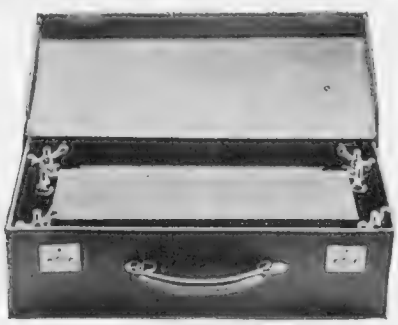

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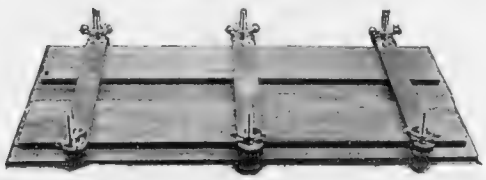

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The Second Match of the Tunbridge Wells Cricket Week: Kent v. Essex—Fane (Essex) batting

The Tunbridge Wells Cricket Week opened with a match between Kent and Worcester, in which the Champions beat Worcester by eight wickets. The second match of the week was against Essex, and the above photograph shows Kent in the field. Note the number of men who have been placed in the slips

Handicap Play to Blame

To put the thing in a nutshell, it is all this handicap play which is the root of the evil, and if you ask me for a concrete instance in support of my proposition, I can give you one. A. F. Wilding, the one young player who has come to the very forefront in England of late years, has always studiously avoided overdoing it. It is part of the careful system of training which he adopts, and the success of it is patent. But nobody seems to have grasped the lesson which it teaches. There was a tournament the other day at which a player of more than average ability played 174 games in one day; at another, in the same week, a lady played 176; and at another, a man, after a hard week, played six matches in three events on the last afternoon, and had to scratch in the middle of the sixth through sheer inability to go on. Feats of this kind are admirable enough in their way, and I daresay the achievement of them causes some gratification, but I say most emphatically that it is absolutely fatal to improvement, and I honestly believe that as long as our young players tear themselves to pieces week after week, after the prevailing fashion of to-day, we shall continue to hope in vain for the advent of a new champion.

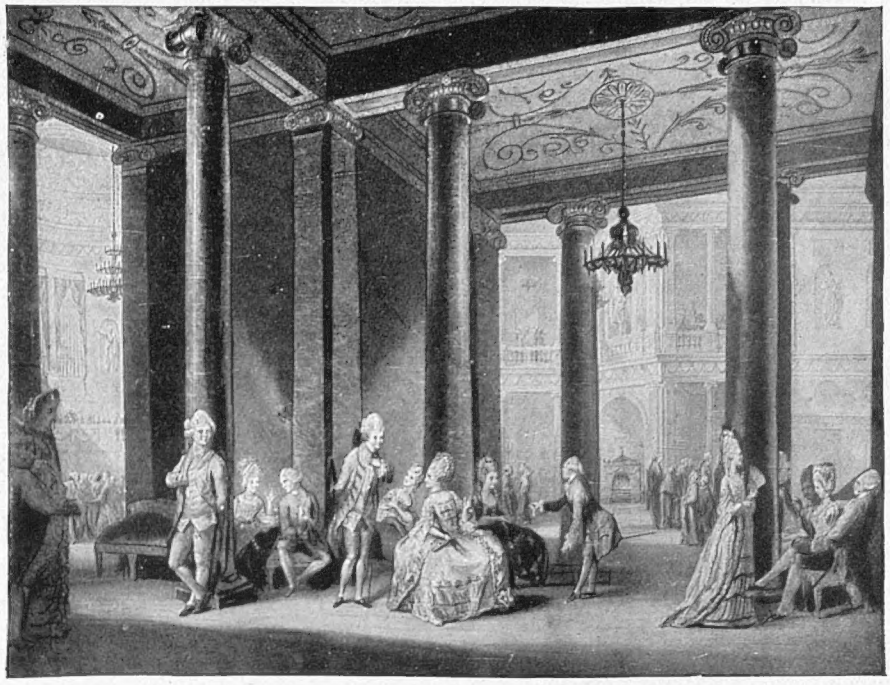
All Square and One to Play

And so the preliminary round of the Davis Cup, between America and Australasia, was a near thing after all. When Australasia won both Singles on the first day, people said that the match was as good as over, for the Australasian pair had already beaten the American pair in the Championships, and would, of course, do so again, and that would give them the rubber—three matches. Nevertheless, as it turned out, the Wimbledon result was reversed, and, what is more, when the second round of Singles came to be played on the third day, Beals Wright beat Wilding, so that the issue finally hung on the last match of all—Brookes *v.* Behr. And since Behr had pushed Brookes to five sets in the Championships, it was only by a shade that the odds were in Australasia's favour; another upset was quite on the cards. However, on this occasion, the Wimbledon form was confirmed, and Brookes, the incomparable, proved once more equal to his task. But, if we could have guessed what was going to happen subsequently, what tremendous excitement there would have been over that grim struggle between Wilding and Behr on the first day! It is thrilling, even now, to think that if Behr had not missed one or two "sitters" in that crucial fourth set, America, and not Australasia, would have been England's challenger in the final round. Without committing myself to the pet platitude of the sporting Press that the better side won, I am inclined to agree with the opinion of a well-known golfer, who was an interested follower of the proceedings, that there were occasions on which the Americans "strained the policy of deliberateness almost to bursting point."

Photos *Dixon*

The Kent v. Essex Match at Tunbridge Wells: A remarkable photograph of Dillon (Kent) being clean bowled by Buckenham

This photograph is probably unique, for it will be seen that the middle stump is falling, and the ball has not yet reached the wicket-keeper's hands



The Pantheon Interior, A.D. 1772.

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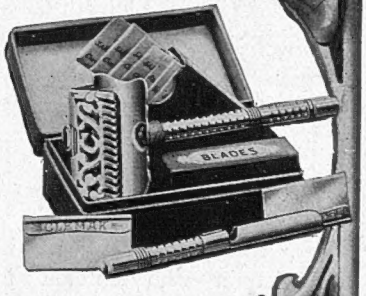

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Automobile Topics.

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

There was a comparatively poor attendance at Brooklands last Saturday for the second meet held by the club, not more than 2,500 persons being present. The inconveniences which the public experience in reaching the scene of the racing probably acted as a deterrent in many cases, for on a hot day those who know the place instinctively shrink from the long and dusty walk which must be covered between the station and the course. The racing provided no exceptional features of interest except to the trade, but I look forward to the next meeting, when there will be races confined to the possessors of certain cars only. The race for owners of White Steam Cars, and another race for owners of Argyll cars only, will probably prove exciting and sporting events. It is to be hoped, however, that the B.A.R.C. will arrange before the next meeting that the drivers of competing cars shall wear one distinctive colour, for at present it is extremely difficult to distinguish the competitors owing to the long distances and this lack of distinctive colours. The Dunlop Company did very well on Saturday; every race was won on their famous tyres.

* * *

Mr. Weigel, the only British manufacturer who entered for the Grand Prix, has been giving an interviewer his impressions of the race. Mr. Weigel is one of the most astute men in the motor-engineering world, so that his views are entitled to a respectful hearing. He considered the Mercédès cars were the fastest on the course, but the Dietrich cars most impressed him. The Renaults he did not fall in love with, while Nazzaro's victory on a F.I.A.T. was a fortunate one. Viewing the race as a whole, Mr. Weigel has no hesitation in saying that France is still the centre of motor-car racing, and if British manufacturers wish to obtain a world-wide repute, and not merely a national one, they would be well advised to assist each other in entering cars for the Grand Prix.

* * *

There is a good deal in this. On the Continent the British car is laughed at, owing to the slight acquaintance Continental motor firms have of its virtues, which never show prominently in open races. An all-round British car has never yet won a race of the first magnitude abroad, excepting when S. F. Edge's won the Gordon-Bennett Cup. British firms should endeavour to enter very thoroughly for a few of the leading Continental races next year, and if the R.A.C. encouraged the idea, a victory or two would give a great fillip to the British industry abroad.

Car-icature—No. XXXVI. : Mr. C. D. Rose, M.P.

The recently elected Chairman of the Royal Automobile Club is the Member for the great racing centre of Newmarket, and has himself owned many famous racehorses. He is a son of the late Rt. Hon. Sir John Rose, Bart., and was formerly a partner in the famous banking house of Morton, Rose and Co.

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

The Dukes of Westminster and Richmond were among four hundred new members elected to the Automobile Association last week.

* * *

The Hotchkiss car completed its 10,000-mile reliability trial last week outside the gates of Hatfield House. The trial has been so satisfactory in every way that the agents, the London and Parisian Motor Company, have decided to send the same car a further 5,000 miles, making 21,250 miles altogether, of which 15,000 have been covered in the British Isles. Most private cars would not be subject to such a strain in ten years. There have been no engine troubles of any kind.

* * *

The Rolls-Royce Company are continuing the reliability trial of their "Silver Ghost" to 6,000 miles, of which nearly 5,000 are now completed.

* * *

"Finished in chocolate with dark lines and drab lining. The fittings are most luxurious, being inlaid with silver." Such is the description of a

60 H.-P. MERCÉDÈS, side entrance, *guaranteed* in first-class order, £750; 40 H.-P. NAPIER, six-cylinder, side entrance, guaranteed in good order, £400; and five other Cars.—Corry Hurford, Ltd. (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland Street, W.

MOTOR-CAR DRIVING AND MECHANISM for Ladies or Gentlemen given at an inclusive fee at the Victoria Street Garage and Showrooms, 94, Victoria Street, Westminster, various types of Cars being used for this purpose. Motor-cars for Hire.

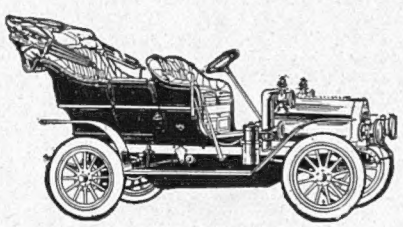
[Extract from the "FINANCIAL NEWS," July 12, 1907]

Cars on the Extended-Payment System

For some time past motor-cars have been purchasable on the extended-payment system; but—and it is a big but—they have either been manufactured by comparatively unknown makers, or a large percentage has been added to the prime cost for the accommodation which the arrangement confers. It remained, however, for Messrs. Huntley Walker and Co., Limited, 483, Oxford Street, London, to inaugurate a system by which absolutely the finest cars in the world—the Darracq—can be obtained on the convenient arrangement of payment by instalments. Although the possibility of obtaining such high-class cars by this method will, of course, appeal to prospective purchasers, the fact that, owing to a financial arrangement which Messrs. Huntley Walker and Co. have completed with one of the leading London bankers, they are able to supply these cars at the manufacturers' catalogued price, without any additional charges whatever, and also without any interest, is a condition which must directly appeal to everyone. The payments can be extended over periods, to suit customers' convenience, up to eighteen months or two years.

In this short notice it is impossible to give a list of the wonderful performances which the Darracq cars have accomplished. They hold many records both for speed and reliability. The severe road race run over the most difficult course in the world was the race for the Vanderbilt Cup. This was won by Wagner, on a Darracq car, in the most extraordinary time of 390 minutes, in which period he covered no less than 297 miles without a mishap. The Vanderbilt Cup the previous year was won by Hemery, also on a Darracq. Only last Saturday, on the new Brooklands course, Weybridge, the merits of the Darracq cars were again in evidence. In the first heat for the Marcel-Renault Memorial Plate the Darracq car, skilfully piloted by Mr. Huntley Walker, was second; in the second race the Darracq, again driven by Mr. Huntley Walker, was an easy victor; in the third race Mr. Huntley Walker obtained second place; in the fourth race the Darracq car was again third. The last race also fell to the Darracq car; so that in all the races contested last Saturday the Darracqs were either victors outright or occupied enviable positions. Of course, a visit to the handsome showrooms at 483, Oxford Street, will enable anyone, who is desirous of purchasing a car, to decide in a very short time what will best suit his requirements. The attention of visitors, who may be seeking a cheap car, may be directed to the 10-12 h.-p. Darracq (long chassis), which is certainly, all things considered, one of the cheapest cars in the market, while to those desirous of owning the *dernier cri* in the motor world, the 50 h.-p. six-cylinder car will certainly appeal.

REO



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30 h.-p. Daimler built to the order of the Maharajah of Alwar. The colour is not the most suitable for India, however, most motorists, with genuine respect for the sun, preferring white.

* * *

Motoring is very rapidly on the increase in India. Potentates galore are purchasing cars, one Rajah in particular being credited with a stud of no less than seventeen, while the Anglo-Indian realises the virtues of possessing a motor, even though his purse may not be very long. A few years ago everybody kept up his dog-cart and one or two ponies, which were ridden and driven frequently. But the horse is at a great disadvantage as against the motor in places with a climate such as one finds in the plains where lie most of the great cities of India. The Rover and de Dion are among the most popular of the small cars, but every week orders are pouring in from India for six-cylinder Napiers, Daimlers, Siddeleys, and many others. The Motor House in the Euston Road is a useful place for those in India who wish to pick up a second-hand car in good condition and at a reasonable price.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

Photo] **Will He Win?** [*Le Lieure*

Prince Scipio Borghese, who has led the whole distance up to the present in the Pekin-Paris Race. Last week he reached Tomsk, Siberia, well in advance of the other competitors

Car-icature—No. XXXVI: Mr. C. D. Rose, M.P.

One of the most remarkable things in connection with the development of the automobile movement is its attraction for sportsmen who have heretofore been associated with the horse. Mr. Charles Day Rose, M.P. for Newmarket, of Hardwicke House, Reading, is, as all the world of automobilism knows, the recently elected chairman of the Royal Automobile Club, and is a most enthusiastic motorist. Mr. Rose, however, has been a member of the Jockey Club since 1891, and has owned many famous racehorses, his colours being among the most popular on the Turf. It is the fixed policy of the Royal Club's chairman to promote British interests by every possible means, and he aims at making the R.A.C. the leading automobile authority in the world. Mr. Rose is the second son of the late Right Hon. Sir John Rose, Bart., and was formerly a partner in the famous banking firm of Morton, Rose and Co., so well known in connection with South American finance. Extremely popular among his fellow-motorists, the new chairman is voted on all hands the right man in the right place.

D. M.

Mr. Alfred Gollin writes: "I have much pleasure in expressing my satisfaction with the 35-40 H.-P. WESTINGHOUSE car purchased through your agency."—A. GAAL AND CO., 17, Hanover Square, London, W. Telephone: 2761 Mayfair.

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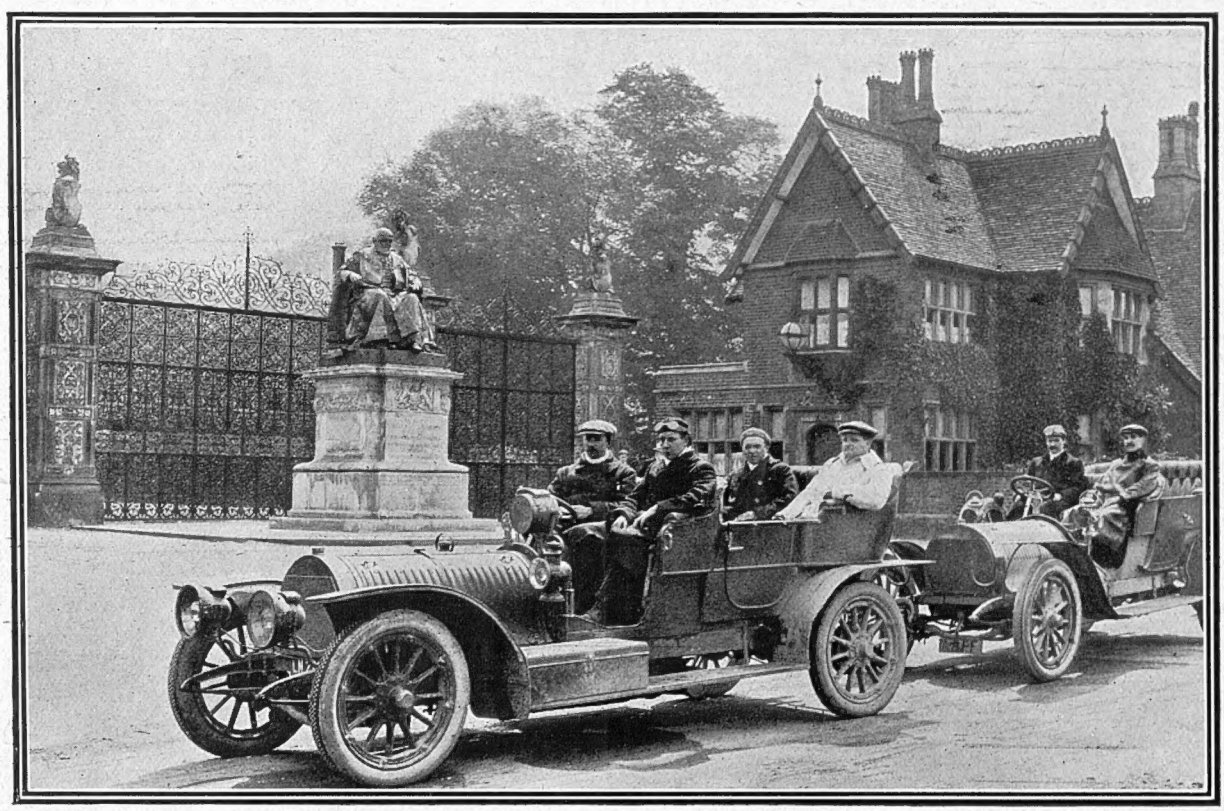

The Six-cylinder Hotchkiss Car finishes its 10,000-mile Trial outside Hatfield House

The 10,000-mile trial, under the auspices of the R.A.C., which this Hotchkiss car has recently undergone, has been an unqualified success, and the car was in such a perfect condition at the finish that the sole concessionnaires, the London and Paris Motor Company, 87, Davies Street, Oxford Street, W., have started the car on an extra 5,000 miles trip, which, with distances already completed in France, will bring the total up to 21,250 miles, or about the mileage of an average car for eight or ten years' work